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THE DEAD ROSE.

BY ARTHUR O'SHAUGNESSY.

Stay with me, relic of the rose
I gave her in love and June:
I knew she must send you back, I suppose,
Some autumn day, but the day she chose
Seems many a day too soon.

Silken-coffined you lay in her breast
And felt her heart grow cold,
And so died slowly, at least soft-prest,
Not as my heart dies now; for the rest
'Tis much the same when told.

A word may come, there may yet be room
To hope and hold your troth;
Lie here at my heart and share its doom—
If life, you may yet come forth from your tomb:
If death, I have buried you both.

A Strange Wooing.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST?" "UNDER A CLOUD," "A SLEEPING PRINCESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE man who had been left in the room sat very still. By the conversation, Ethel had guessed that he was a servant at the inn, who had become an accomplice of the murderer. She thought he must almost hear her heart thumping wildly against the hand which she pressed above it.

She rose to her feet with pain and difficulty—her dress rustled. The man moved his foot suddenly, with a scraping sound, and cold drops stood on the girl's delicate forehead. The time was passing swiftly; haste was imperative, or the other man would return and her chance be gone—return probably with a light!

Oh, could she but dare to make one rush—one rush to the bright slit which represented the door ajar! Could she trust to her speed to ascend the unfamiliar flight of stairs to the unknown regions above, before the villain who sat by the table seized her and stifled her cries for ever?

It must be now, for voices were heard in the hall below. She stole across the room till she was within about six feet of the door; then she sprang with all the strength of which her exhausted frame was capable, passed the threshold, and gained the stair. There was a fierce imprecation, as the man by the table leaped up and followed her; but some one else had seen her too.

His accomplice, candle in hand, was halfway up the lower staircase. The candlestick dropped from his hand; he rushed up, four steps at a time. On the last stair Ethel stumbled over her dress.

She was up again in an instant; but the accident gave her pursuer the advantage. At the precise moment that she fell down, at the door of the victim's room a revolver flashed in the air, the muzzle within an inch of her ear.

"Utter one sound, and I'll blow your brains out! I am desperate!"

There was not one second for consideration or reflection. With all her power she struck up the hand holding the weapon, and, at the same instant, screamed out:

"Murder!"

The sound rang through the *auberge*. The door against which Ethel had flung herself flew open. The suddenness of the movement caused her to fall face downwards on the floor, and the bullet passed about four inches over her head, burying itself in the floor.

In the doorway stood the Earl of Eynesford.

He only took in the fact that a woman lay apparently senseless at his feet, and that a man had fired at her so horribly close that, had the bullet touched her, instant death must have been the result. He sprang forward instantly, grappled with the would-be murderer, wrenched the revolver from his hand, and flung it over the staircase. In that moment Ethel had raised herself up.

"Take care—take care," she cried—"there is another—there is another!"

A momentary pause followed—a pause of mutual amazement and half-dazed recognition.

"Ranulf—Ranulf! Was it you that they wanted? Oh, thank Heaven—thank Heaven!"

She fell back against the door. Ranulf, with one hand on the collar of his antagonist, grew deathly pale.

"You," he muttered—"you! Wait a moment."

There had been no noise during the brief struggle, except Ethel's one cry of "Murder!" and the pistol shot, and they had apparently passed unheeded by those below.

The man whom Ethel had rightly judged to be a servant at the inn, had ascended the stairs stealthily, seen his confederate's capture, and silently slipped into a room close by. There was once chance yet. Lord Eynesford could grapple with one man; but with another to hold him, and a third to stab, the chances might be different; and the alarm was not yet given.

Lord Eynesford was shaking his prisoner as he would a cur.

"It is you, is it?" he said. "I marked you the other day on the banks of the Seine, in order that I might know you again! But you want a further instalment, do you? How do you come here? Answer me that! How did you contrive to track me to this place? Have you had enough now, or will you attempt my life again, do you think?"

There was a sudden rush from the door towards which Lord Eynesford's back was turned. A counterpane, hastily stripped from one of the beds, was flung over his head, a pair of hands were fastened upon his throat with an awful pressure. His captive, taking advantage of a momentary relaxation of the iron grip which had rendered him helpless, wrenched himself away, seized Ethel, and held his hand over her mouth; while behind the Earl came sneaking an old man, with white stubbly hair and black beady eyes, grasping a long, sharp dagger.

One moment, and it would be over; there would be only Ethel to dispose of. Lord Eynesford disdained to cry out, thinking he had only one man to deal with. Covered with the counterpane he could not see that sharp, glittering blade—that swift death approaching.

But Ethel saw it. Wildly struggling, she threw herself between her husband and the knife. Her captor's hand was still held over her mouth, she could utter no sound; but she could, and did grasp the old man's left wrist. For a moment he turned upon her savagely.

"Do it, *mon pere*—quiet her once and for all!" gasped Theophile, in his excitement.

For an instant the knife was raised; then it fell upon the floor with a ring, the would-be murderer staggered back, fell upon his knees, and threw up his arms.

"*Mon ange—mon ange!* Saints defend me! That I should take your life!"

The cry he gave rang through the house; the alarm was given. Footsteps sounded on the stairs.

"May the fiends seize you!" yelled Theophile. "Did I not tell you, old dolt, that if you meddled all would be lost?"

At the same moment Lord Eynesford brought the man with whom he was struggling heavily to the ground, turned with lightning swiftness, sprang upon Theophile, and dealt him a blow on the mouth, which sent him against the wall, bleeding profusely.

There was a loud tramping of feet, and the next moment four police officers appeared.

"I am Lord Eynesford," said Ranulf quietly. "These are your prisoners."

"Milord, I am more than sorry," gasped the leader, gazing with astonishment at the signs of the struggle. "We are punctual to the minute."

"Just so; the campaign was opened a little earlier than expected—that is all," said the Earl quietly. "Secure those fellows, stop that landlady's shrieking, and wait a minute for me."

He turned to Ethel, who leaned against the wall, trembling and exhausted. Taking her hand, he led her into his sitting-room, laid her upon the sofa, poured out a glass of water, and put it at her side.

"Will you wait here a few minutes?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes—anything," she whispered; but, as as he moved away, she raised herself. "Lord Eynesford——"

He went back to her side.

"You—are not hurt?" she asked faintly.

"Not in the least; for which I shall thank you presently."

She raised her head with an anxious expression, as if to assure herself that he was safe. Then she whispered:

"Don't let them hurt the poor old man. Find out what made him do it. Do you know who he is?"

He shook his head.

"I shall be back directly," he said, and left the room.

Ethel lay still, her heart beating fast, every nerve thrilling. He was alive—well—safe. She had seen him, spoken to him, felt for a moment the touch of his hand. She knew now that she loved him wildly—this Ranulf whom she had hated.

"If my life should be spared, I will make you love me."

But there was something between them. He was angry with her; for his voice just now, in speaking to her, had been cold and harsh. What was it?

Slowly it dawned upon her that he must be totally at a loss to discover the reason of her presence in Louvard.

"Of all places in the world, why in Louvard?" he must be thinking.

"But I can tell him; I can explain all that," she thought.

It seemed to her that a long time had elapsed—probably it was not more than half an hour—before the door quietly opened and closed again. Ethel started up and stood before her husband. He looked very pale and grave. In earlier days she would have called his aspect grim; she knew now that it expressed pain, failure, and almost hopeless longing.

She took a step forward—her lips parted, her eyes seeking his imploringly. He crossed the room and sat down at a little distance from her, his elbow on the table, his lean, brown fingers tugging at his moustache.

"Ethel," he said, "why did you not answer my letters?"

"I never received more than one from you," she said shyly; "and I did write after that; but you did not receive my letter—you had left Paris."

"You received only one letter from me?" he asked, his eyes still fixed on the floor.

She could not help giving expression to her wounded feelings in a low sob.

"Don't you believe me?"

He raised his eyes then, and made a slight movement.

"Yes; I believe you. Will you read this, and tell me if the facts contained in it are true?"

He took a letter from his pocket and, rising, crossed the room to give it to her. She caught his hand in hers.

"Ranulf," she whispered, "before I read it, will you read my letter to you? It is here, unopened, in my pocket."

She put the letter into his hand. Opening it, he read it slowly through, then let his hand drop by his side, and looked at her—a long earnest look.

"You did not answer it," she whispered; "and—I was so afraid you had been hurt—you said you were in danger. And—I did not like to be left alone; so yesterday I went to Paris to find you. You are angry with me! Oh, I am so sorry! I meant to do right!"

"And when you got to Paris and found me gone?"

"I started home as fast as I could. I was afraid you would get to St. Etienne—and find me gone when you told me to stay—and think—and think—— Do you think me?"

"I will show you. Give me that letter I told you to read."

She obeyed. He tore it into fragments and flung the pieces into the fire.

"I believe every word you say," he said gravely, "and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your courage and fidelity to the husband whom you cannot learn to love."

He dropped into a chair near the hearth, passing his hand wearily across his forehead. Ethel raised her head to look at him. The refined sad profile was outlined against a back-ground of dark wall.

A fortnight ago she would not have known the meaning of that strange, moody silence. How had she become so intimate with every detail of his character that to-night she was in perfect sympathy with him?

She knew, as well as if he had told her, how the crushing sense of his own unlovableness was weighing him down, how he dared not expose himself to the chance of such agony as another repulse would cause him. She felt that she must meet him half-way; but it needed a vast amount of courage.

She seated herself on the edge of the sofa, her hands drooping listlessly, almost ashamed of herself for the passionate longing she felt to call a smile into those melancholy eyes.

At last she said, in a quick, frightened voice:

"Ranulf—I want you!"

He started, then rose from his chair, and crossed the room to her.

"You want something?"

"Yes."

The answer was almost inaudible; he had to bend down his ear to catch it.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Sit down here," she whispered.

He obeyed. She put out her hand and took one of his which lay over his knee.

"Ethel—what is it?" he asked, a strange tremor in his voice.

She took the hand in both hers, raised it, and held it for a moment against her heart. Then suddenly, with an outburst of tears, she slipped to the ground, and hid her face upon his knee.

"Oh, Ranulf—can't you understand? I love you, darling—I love you!"

* * * * * *

It was afternoon when Lady Eynesford opened her eyes after a sound refreshing sleep. The curtains of the inn chamber were drawn, a fire burned on the hearth and sent flickering shadows along the ceiling. All was still, save for the far-off calling of the children in the market-place, and the clatter of their wooden shoes in the roughly-paved street.

At first she scarcely recollected what had passed. Why was she so happy, and why was the joyous sensation so new? She felt

as if she were newly-awakened from a bad dream which had lasted for months. Gradually there came the recognition of the inn room. She was at Louvard; but she was content, and at rest. The glorious rapture of having laid down a burden which she had borne for so long, burst lolly upon her. she had laid the responsibility of herself in other hands at last. Everything was so engrossingly sweet and novel.

"And it is true—all true!" she said to herself, the remembrance of her husband's startled cry of gladness stealing over her.

She closed her eyes for a while and lay quite still, living over again the joy of that minute.

Presently she roused herself, and her eyes travelled round the room—glancing at the glowing fire, the fender, where a small pair of shoes had been placed to warm, the sealskin coat and dainty white wrap flung over a chair, the cluster of fresh flowers in a glass on a table near. Then, with a slight start, her gaze fell upon a dark head, motionless above the back of a big chair near the foot of the bed.

For a few minutes she held her breath, a strange new feeling of delight struggling with desperate shyness. The head was so still that at first she thought he must be sleeping, till she heard the sound of the page of a book being turned quietly over. Then she raised her voice, and said, bashfully and hesitatingly:

"Ranulf!"

He sprang up in an instant, dropped the book, and was at her side. Their eyes met, and shyly she held out her hand. He took it between both his own, and so they remained for several seconds, neither of them speaking a word.

At last she whispered, with a sigh of content:

"How long have I slept?"

As she gazed at his face, the alteration in its expression was apparent. She wondered that she could ever have thought it hard or bitter; there was such gentleness in the deep-set eyes.

"Ten hours," he answered half triumphantly—"five o'clock till three in the afternoon! Do you feel rested, my child?"

She smiled at him, and the joy of being so smiled upon was almost too much for Ranulf.

"It is so strange to hear you say, 'my child!'" she said.

He could not answer—only stroke the slender hand he held, and gaze at her with sombre eyes.

"You do not look rested," she observed after a few minutes. "What have you been doing?"

"I have been on my legs pretty well all the time," he answered, "looking after those ruffians. These provincial police stations are a disgrace! I spent no end of time trying to make the man who shot at you speak. I wish I knew who he is! There is something about him which makes me think he is above his station. It is all so mysterious"—passing his hand wearily over his forehead.

"Do not think of it now," whispered Ethel softly; "sit down quietly here by me and rest. I am resting—the first time for so many weeks."

He kissed the hand he held gently, almost reverently.

"It was so delightful to come back and find you still sleeping," he said, "and to hear that you had scarcely moved. I telegraphed to Madeleine—she will be here by to-morrow morning to pack your things and see after you."

She turned to him with a swift look of pleasure.

"Are we going home to-morrow?"

A deep happiness shone in his eyes. The two words, "we" and "home," were so dear and so unfamiliar.

"Yes; we are going 'home'—if by home you mean St. Etienne."

"Of course I do! I shall be so glad—ah, so glad to see it again! If you knew how lonely I have been—how dreadful it was to get to Paris and find you gone! I thought I should not see you again, and that you would never know——"

The tears welled up into her eyes. Uttering a low passionate exclamation, he kissed them away.

"Tell me," she said, when he would let her speak—"tell me, how is the poor old man?"

"I was going to tell you. There appears to have been a regular scheme of vengeance, having me for its object. The two men are father and son; and I cannot help fancying that it was from the same source poor Glanvil met his death—how or why, Heaven knows! If I had ever been honored with my father's confidence in the slightest degree, I might see daylight where all now is darkness. The day Guy was killed, I had been down at the Stricklands', helping Hester with some work or other, and I reached home just before the news was brought in. My father—a big heavy man—fell sideways against the wall, his arms seeking frantically for support. Two servants and I rushed to him, and he fell into our arms a dead weight.

"'Where?' he asked, in frantic excitement.

"'In the Bois St. Etienne, near the mistletoe-oak,' they told him.

"'Just Heaven,' I heard him say, 'is it possible—is it possible?'"

"I am certain he knew both who did it and the reason for the deed; but he never told me; and, one day, when I hinted at it, he swore at me for my impertinence. I have, since his death, looked through all his papers, but found nothing. If these men keep silence, nothing will ever be done; and it seems likely that the old one will die without recovering consciousness. The third man, who was a servant at this inn, is a weak-minded fool, and all that he knew was extracted from him in a few minutes; but he knew next to nothing, his accomplice was too deep to make a confidant of him. The poor wretch had merely been promised an extraordinarily large sum of money if he helped to get rid of me, and had been told that I was a person whose existence was dangerous to the State. They had settled everything with great minuteness, even to the disposal of my body——"

Ethel uttered a little pathetic cry and held out her arms.

"Don't talk of it!" she whispered.

"Say 'Ranulf,'" he pleaded; "it is so good to hear you."

"Ranulf—I almost hope they will execute that man!"

"All the same," he said, smiling, "I can't but admire his genius—the way he managed to stop my letters to you, and the masterly contrivance by which he got me to this place. He never appeared himself; it was all done by the agency of a Paris detective, who is not yet in custody. The skill with which this man managed to delude me is marvellous, for I'm not very young, and I've seen a good bit of the world in my time. He was to get the man I was in search of to this inn by eleven o'clock, and to be here himself to arrest him. I believed in him implicitly until yesterday afternoon, when I suggested something about a warrant, and proposed to call in the local police. He appeared to be exceedingly perturbed at this—equivocated, and gave me long and voluminous reasons against the proposition. He was evidently absolutely resolved to have nothing whatever to do with the local police. It was more the man's manner than what he said which awakened in me a sudden feeling of doubt. All at once a number of suspicious circumstances seemed to recur to me. I went out and ordered the *gendarmes* at eleven. My detective at once informed his confederates, and the attack was made earlier than had been intended. If you, my darling, had not come after me, if you had not stopped at Louvard, if you had not walked into the wrong room by accident——"

"We should not be, as we are now, together——" she faltered.

"Till death us do part," he said, with a long sigh.

* * * * * *

It was twilight, and the Beauforts had just finished dinner. Hector Fitzwarrene had abruptly left them the day before, and Cora had been restless and fitful since his going. Mrs. Beaufort sat in the window, reading the local newspaper by the fading light. She had a trick of reading trivial and uninteresting details aloud, which always exasperated her daughter, who now sat in a long, low chair, her arms raised, her hands clasped behind her head.

"Dear me, Cora, there's been a slight fall of snow in Holland!" said Mrs. Beaufort.

"You don't really mean it!" returned Cora sarcastically.

"And here—dear me, what's this? 'Murder of an English nobleman!' My dear, what a frightful thing!"

"What's that you say?" asked Cora.

"'At midnight on Friday last,'" read Mrs. Beaufort, "'the "Grand Monarque" inn, at Louvard, was the scene of a frightful tragedy.' Good gracious, Cora—listen! 'Lord Eynesford, an English nobleman, staying there with his wife, was murdered'—murdered, my dear!—'by a young man who has persistently refused to give his name or address, or to explain the motive of his crime. He had two accomplices—one a servant at the inn, who was in total ignorance of the circumstances of the case, the other an old man who is said to be the father of the murderer, and who has been unconscious ever since the event, and seems to be sinking fast. The villain first attempted the Countess of Eynesford's life with a revolver, as she was rushing upstairs to warn her husband of his danger. The Earl seized and grappled with his antagonist; but, being set upon by all three together, was stabbed in the back with a dagger. The affair is altogether a most mysterious one.

"'It appears that Lord Glanvil, the elder brother of the Earl, was also murdered by an unknown assassin. Moreover, the money employed seems to suggest that this young man, himself apparently poor, had wealthy supporters. Not only was the servant at the inn heavily bribed, but bribes were also taken by two members of the Paris detective force, to decoy Lord Eynesford on a false pretence into the worst parts of Paris, where, some days previously, an attempt was made on his life, which happily failed. The murderer, who is a dark, and rather handsome young man, maintains an absolute silence and unruffled composure. He bears on his face a scar and other marks, which show him to be the man who attempted Lord Eynesford's life in Paris, when his lordship fired at him with a revolver, marking his cheek and carrying away the top of his ear.'"

Directly her mother had begun to read, Cora had started to her feet.

"What," she ejaculated in a harsh whisper—"what do you say?"

She remained rigidly immovable until the account was finished. Ranulf was dead—Ethel living—and Theophile—who, she told herself, had, in his blind devotion to her, carried his orders too far—under an accusation of murder! All through her—through her frantic cruel thirst for revenge.

"*Not* that," she cried wildly, without pausing to think what she was saying—"he must know I never meant that. Only to keep him from her—not that——"

She fell suddenly and heavily to the floor, unconscious of her mother's frightened cry of "Cora—Cora!"

The next day the announcement of Lord Eynesford's death was, of course, contradicted; but Cora was in no condition to understand this. She was raving in the delirium of brain-fever.

During all her ravings, to her mother's consternation, she insisted on confusing their own servant, Theophile Lacour, with the man whom she thought had murdered Ranulf.

"I did not mean him to do it—I never told him to!" she cried. "I never wished his death at all; but I cannot let Theophile bear all the blame. He will never speak to betray me—he will suffer in silence, and they will put him to death for what is really my fault!"

Such talk as this inspired Mrs. Beaufort with the deepest horror, especially as Theophile did not make his appearance; and she began to imagine there might be some truth in it—how much she dared not ask.

She watched by her daughter, terror-stricken, scarcely daring to let even the doctor hear her cries. Even when the violence of the fever abated, reason did not return.

Mrs. Beaufort took her to the Riviera, watching day by day, with agonizing anxiety, and spending all her time in trying to hide her daughter's mental condition from her friends.

When at last, after six months' delirium, the unfortunate girl was again restored to health, Theophile Lacour had been sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, and had made away with himself in his cell.

The devotion and silence of this man, his heroic withholding of her name, his enduring of shame and disgrace for her sake, touched her dark, tempestuous nature as perhaps nothing else could have done. She was utterly changed.

Not a word of blame was ever associated with her name; no one but her mother knew of her fatal wrong-doing. Fitzwarrene must have had strong suspicions, which, perhaps, he withheld for reasons of his own.

Neither the Earl nor the Countess knew anything of Cora's guilt; but, so far as the Lacours were concerned, they knew everything; for old Lacour recovered consciousness before he died, and, first making them swear secrecy, told Lord and Lady Eynesford the cause and manner of Lord Glanvil's death, and his reasons for wishing to bring about that of his brother.

"I swore," said the old man, "that there should never be another Lady Eynesford. I have lived to bless the day on which I saw her sweet face. Your husband should cherish you, beloved lady, for to you he owes his life, and to you alone. I pray the saints may bless you both, and your children for generations to come! Since my unhappy boy, my son, desires that the once proud name of Lacour be not associated with his fate, you will respect his wish—will you not?"

CHAPTER XIX.

It is about two o'clock on the morning of New Year's Day. The church bells that rang in the New Year have ceased; the ringers have gone home to bed. The last carriage has rolled away down the Hall avenue at Grange-le-Cross; the last of the hundred guests, invited by the Earl and Countess to keep New Year's Eve with them, has departed.

The Earl stands under the hall-lamp, bidding good-night to such of his visitors as are staying in the house. He is laughing heartily at some remark made by one of them.

His laugh is singularly frank and joyous; his whole face seems changed; he holds himself better, his chest looks broader. All claim to the title of "Knight of the Doleful Countenance" has disappeared.

He gives a firm grip to Walter Strickland, who is the last to retire to bed.

"Well," says Walter, "I haven't laughed so much for a long time."

"I think they are a pretty festive set round here," returns the Earl.

"Ah—but it's the genial host who makes the genial guest!" rejoins Walter. "Why, you're a host in yourself, Ran!" and he laughed out of sheer high spirits at his own very bad joke.

"I haven't seen Hester look so blooming for ages," says Ranulf. "The English winter hasn't disagreed with her so far."

"I don't think you can judge of an English winter from the interior of the Hall," observed Walter; "the temperature in your rooms doesn't seem to be affected by the fluctuations of climate; but, talking of festive guests, Ran, there was one who rather played the skeleton at the feast."

"Ah—which one was that?" asks the Earl, though he knows what the answer will be.

"That Sir somebody—Fitz somebody—who hardly seemed to speak to any one all the evening."

"Oh, that's Sir Hector Fitzwarrene! He has just come into his title and money by the sudden death of his uncle, old Sir Hugo. They say the two did not hit it off, and that Sir Hector only inherits because of the old gentleman's fixed belief that he should live for years yet, and would have plenty of time to alter his will."

"But, having the money, he needn't continue to look like a mute at a funeral, surely," says Walter.

"Fact is," answers Eynesford, leaning on the balustrade, with one foot on the stairs, and looking almost handsome, "he and I haven't hit it off well in times past. We asked him to-night—it would have looked too pointed to have left him out; and he accepted out of sheer bravado; but you couldn't expect him to look very cheerful over it."

"I suppose not," said Walter reflectively.

"He's just engaged to a Miss Raikes, daughter of a Birmingham manufacturer, with twenty thousand a year, so he ought to feel happy," continues the Earl lightly. "Perhaps the absence of the beloved object made him so gloomy. Good-night, old boy! I must go and look for my Countess, to see if she has done chattering to Hester over the bed-room fire."

And, the smile still on his lips, he turns and opens the library door.

The library has not been used to-night. It is lighted only by a couple of lamps and the deep glow of a great fire.

Standing on the hearth-rug is a tall figure, "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls." Her back is towards him as he enters, and she is standing very still, gazing into the fire; the red light gleams upon her beautiful neck and arms, upon the outline of curved cheek which presents itself to view. Her long white train lies in glistening folds on the dark rug. She seems to be lost in reverie as the Earl comes behind her, and she starts as he lays his hand upon her waist, and says interrogatively:

"Well?"

"Well?" she echoes, looking up at him.

Then, laying down her head, glittering with diamonds, upon his shoulder, she whispers:

"Was it a success?"

"Complete!" is the contented rejoinder.

She toys with the edge of his coat, smiling happily, as she asks archly:

"And I didn't make any very bad mistakes?"

"You and your toilet were perfect! How proud I was of you all the evening—and how every one admired you! My old aunt, the Duchess, is enchanted. She said to me, 'Eynesford, my dear boy, where on earth did you discover her?' I told her I was very sorry; that you had been quite sim-

ple and natural when I first saw you, and that I was only just beginning to realize what a thing it was to be the husband of a beauty—how I did nothing all day long but to refuse applications for permission to exhibit your portrait in the shop-windows, or to write an account of you, illustrated with a phototype, for one of the society papers, and headed, "The heroine of the tragedy at Louvard."

"Oh, Ranulf!"

"Well, it is quite true—is it not?"

"I am sorry you find me such an encumbrance," say Ethel demurely.

"What were you thinking about so deeply when I came in?"

"This room always reminds me of—our first interview here——"

"Darling—don't!"

"Not if you would rather not; but I was thinking how strange it is that we should have lived through suffering like that, and be so very happy now. For, of course, I know now that you suffered quite as much as I did then."

"I was wrong," says Eynesford abruptly. "Looking back upon those days, in spite of the marvelous success of my daring experiment, I know that I was wrong."

"It seems we must agree to differ on every point," returns the Countess calmly. "I think you were perfectly right."

"I always felt that, if you ever came to love me, you would love me extravagantly, with the whole strength of your heart," he says, taking her in his arms. "You spoil me dreadfully, Ethel!"

She draws down his face to hers.

"It is to make up for all the lonely, sad years, when you thought nobody cared for you. Now, you may rest assured that there is one woman for whom earth holds nothing dearer, nothing more precious than you. And, because her love is so faithful and true, it is worth having, though so strangely won!"

[THE END.]

Farewell to Home.

BY W. C.

IT is no use to look any longer Katie; you've got the last bit of green Erin that'll gladden your blue eyes for many's the long day, mavourneen. It's a new country you'll see the next time you look at the land."

"Yes, Michael, I'm thinking of that. Well, we're better off than many on the ship, that's leaving father, mother, or children. We've nobody but ourselves and the baby, not even a home." And here Katie's eyes filled.

"No, curse them!" said Michael.

"Whist, Michael! don't curse. Listen how some of the men around us are swearing, and yet I think they've had no more to bear than we have. It does no good, Michael. We'll carry brave, true hearts across the ocean, if we've nothing else."

"Indade, and it's thrue for you there's little else, Katie. To think you've married a miserable spalpeen that's got nothing for you only a broken arm and a passage to the Cape, when you might have married Mike O'Neil, and had the fat of the land to your marriage portion."

"Your arm's getting well, Michael, and there's money for them that earns it in South Africa," answered Katie, bravely. "See the sun in going down, Michael, so I'd better be taking little Bess down below."

She opened her shawl as she spoke, to show the face of a very tiny baby sleeping there, nestled close in her breast. Then, after holding the little one up for its father's good-night kiss, she went to the dark, crowded steerage, to hide her wet eyes, and pray for help and strength to meet her new life. She could keep up a brave face before Michael, could cheer and encourage him; but, alone, she was fain to give way sometimes to a woman's fears and forebodings.

She had been daintily reared for a poor Irish girl, this pretty Katie Moore, having been brought up in the family of Lord Gaunt, and been a pet of the Lady Fannie, his lordship's only daughter.

She had been taught dressmaking and fine laundry work, but never had been obliged to perform menial duty, and had grown up pretty and fair, talking gently, with only the faintest spice of her native brogue.

When she was courted by Michael Malone and Mike O'Neil, Lady Gaunt had encouraged the suit of the wealthy overseer, while Lady Fannie gave her influence in favor of the handsome young farmer, upon whom Katie also bestowed her smiles.

From the very day after their quiet wedding, misfortune seemed to follow Michael and Katie. Lady Gaunt died suddenly, and her husband shut up the great house, and took Lady Fannie to the Continent where she married a French nobleman. Then followed a hard winter, and a summer of short crops. But the crowning misfortune was a fire which destroyed the pretty cottage Lady Fannie had fitted up most daintily for her favorite.

In saving the baby, only three weeks old, while Michael was passing under a falling beam, he raised his left arm to ward off the blow from the child, and had it broken.

It was in the first despair of all this accumulation of misfortune that Michael had drawn out his little savings from the bank, and purchased their tickets for the Cape.

"We'll find bread there, Michael," Katie said. "You'll get something to do after your arm is well, being the good carpenter you are; so keep up a brave heart!"

But the heart of Michael Malone was far from a brave one, as he sat where Katie had left him, looking thoughtfully into the water as it rippled against the side o the ship. It was a clear evening in early summer, and the water was very calm, yet was bearing him steadily away from his home, to tempt fortune in a new land, amidst strange scenes.

Michael sat wondering sadly if he should ever rise above the cloud of trouble that seemed to have settled over him, and trying to make clearer some of the incidents attending the fire that had puzzled him at the time.

"What did Mick O'Neil mean by the bitter oath he swore, to have his revenge on me for marrying Katie?" he thought. "When Katie never gave him the glint of her eye in passing, let alone the smile that means coorting! Why did he lave so sudden the very next day after the fire, and niver show his ugly face there again? Wait, Mike, my beauty, till I'm coming back to ould Ireland, and I'll be even wid ye yet!"

But if Michael ever grew too moody and revengeful in these solitary musings, there was a gentle voice to rouse him to better thoughts; and now, before the darkness fell, Katie was again beside him, coaxing him, for the sake of his injured arm, to come down to the cabin and see the baby, sleeping and "smiling like an angel, Michael."

"It's like her mother she is, then," said the loving husband, following his wife to the now crowded steerage.

The voyage across the ocean was a prosperous one; and one lovely summer morning Michael, his arm once more sound, stood beside Katie in the docks, looking hopefully around him at the bustling, busy scene.

"Sure, darlint, there's work for willing hands here," he said.

And, as if to prove his words, a man stepped up to him, to ask in what work he desired employment.

"A carpenter and laundress," this man said, "and want employment together. Tom, wasn't there a carpenter and laundress wanted at the 'Queen's Hotel?'"

"They won't want a baby," said Tom, emerging from behind a high desk. "However, you can try."

So, carefully noting the directions given, Michael started with Katie for the "Queen's Hotel." Here the baby was found an insurmountable objection to Katie's engagement as laundress; but the disappointment was not so great, as the wages offered Michael sounded magnificent, and a good-natured party from their own country told them of a house near at hand where they could obtain comfortable rooms.

It would make this too long to follow the fortunes of Michael and Katie during the next ten uneventful years.

By industry, sobriety, and Katie's good management, the young couple had made for themselves a comfortable home, where three sturdy boys and two dark-eyed girls were the greatest of their treasures.

But when we again find Katie, after the long interval of ten years, clouds seem gathering over the peaceful, happy little home. Michael, never of a very hopeful nature, had been ill during the winter with pneumonia: and Katie, after the last of the savings were spent, wastrying to obtain washing or sewing to keep the gaunt wolf from the door.

A very gaunt, hideous wolf he looked on the desolate March day when Michael, pale and feeble from long illness, sat up for the first time in three months.

Bessie, the handy little lass, who had developed from babyhood to the important post of older sister, is stirring the fire to make the kitchen warm for father's first dinner there; and Teddy, the next in age, is walking up and down, singing softly to the six-month-old baby in his arms. The other children are playing in the corner, trying to keep quiet; for the father's face, as he sits shivering over the fire, is sad enough to touch even their young hearts.

This is the scene upon which Katie enters like a burst of sunshine, though under her smiling face her heart is heavy enough.

"Put on the water, Bessie," she says cheerily. "We will give father a splendid mess of potatoes for dinner; and, as he is sick, he must have this taste of mate with them."

"Katie," Michael cries, looking at the tiny bit of beef, "you need it more than I do, working the heart out of yourself!"

"Not a bit of it! You are to get strong and well; and Bessie here is as good as a woman to help her mother, while Teddy earned fifty cents this blessed morning, putting in a load of coal—didn't you, Teddy my man?"

"Don't you be a worr'ing, father," said the boy; "mother and I can keep potatoes in the pot."

But in spite of all the brave talk, Michael could see how three months of hard toil had changed Katie; how thin the children looked, and how many little comforts were missing from home.

He had worked faithfully for them all, but, with so many children, there had been but little opportunity to save money, and the Irishman is proverbially open-handed if the sun of prosperity shines upon him. So, when doctor's and apothecary's bills came in, and little delicacies were required to coax an invalid's appetite, the small reserve fund quickly melted, and convalescence found a dreary prospect.

Katie was capable and willing, but a sick husband, a six-month-old baby, and four other children tie a woman's hands down pretty closely to home duties.

But the brave, true wife, who had nothing of the heroine about her position, toiled on steadily, making both ends meet by dire tugging, and having ever a cheerful word for Michael and the children.

So March wore away, and April sunshine broke through the foggy atmosphere.

Then there came upon the invalid a longing for the green fields and bursting buds of the country; and, while his strength came but slowly, he talked wistfully of what he could do were he only among the farm duties, inhaling country air, and reveling in country sounds.

"Oh, Katie! it would be like going home again if we could only have a wee farm of our own—a pig, a cow, a little land to plant corn and potatoes, and a bit of garden for you. It would be a heaven, Katie, darling, wouldn't it?"

And to add to Katie's pain in hearing this vain longing, the physician assured her that the sick man's fancy would be a great gain toward's health-bringing could it be gratified.

"These stubborn cases of pneumonia will sometimes yield to change of air when all other remedies have failed," he said. "Your husband was born in Ireland, was he not?"

"Yes, sir. We're only ten years in this country."

"Ten years!" cried the doctor. "Bless me! Did you come to Cape Town in 18—?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your husband's name is Malone? Of course it is. To think I never suspected you were the people my brother has been looking for for over a year."

"Looking for us?" cried Katie, in amazement.

"Yes. He is a lawyer, and a great deal of his business is in England. He has charge of one thousand pounds, left by one Michael O'Neil to Michael Malone, with a letter from the parish priest, who writes from O'Neil's dictation, a letter confessing that ten years ago he set fire to Malone's cottage."

"Oh, Michael always said Mike was at the bottom of that fire!" cried Katie. "You see, sir, he had a grudge against Michael."

"For love of your pretty face," said the doctor, smiling. "Well, Mrs. Malone, your husband has only to prove his identity, and there are a thousand pounds waiting to pay him for the fire of ten years ago."

Katie's brave heart, that never flinched in adversity, gave way, and she had a good cry. But carrying such glorious news to her husband soon dried up her tears.

It is a small cottage in the suburbs of Cape Town, where Michael Malone has his home, with a few acres of ground, and the coveted cow and pig. On the place is a neat carpenter's shop, where Teddy and Tom are learning their father's trade, and where the baby sprawls amongst the shavings, while Katie and Bessie are busy about the house.

Purer air, happiness, and rest have restored Michael to health, and Katie is gaining once more the rosy cheeks and bright eyes that were turned so lovingly to Ireland, where she had once bid Farewell to Home.

Bric-a-Brac.

COAL.—The first record we have of coal is about three hundred years before the Christian era. Coal was used as fuel in England as early as 852, and in 1234 the first charter to dig for it was granted by Henry III. to the inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MUDDY-FACED.—Thibetan women, when leaving their houses, smear their faces over with a dark sticky substance. It is said that they do so in compliance with a law made by a certain Lama, King Nomekhan, in order to protect them by making them look ugly when in public. The Thibetans also put out the tongue as a sign of respectful salutation.

THE BIRD AVENGER.—A South African story says: A Kaffir vanished and groans were heard. He was searched for without result, but on the following night groans were still heard. The search continued and the man was found murdered. His murderer was arrested and executed, but the groans still continued, to the dismay of their auditors. At last they were traced to a mocking-bird. That bird alone of living things had seen the deed of blood, and now from day to day reproduced the piteous moaning of its victim.

"P" AND "Q".—Why must we be careful of those letters more than of others? Because in the olden days the host kept his customers' scores in chalk on the panels of the doors. P stood for pint and Q for quart, and it behooved the guest to watch his score lest he should exceed his proper number of p's and q's. The printer, too, must need be careful of those two letters, which, in type, are so very much alike. To suit to a T, is a plain allusion to a carpenter's T, which is much used in mechanics and drawing.

"BUNKUM."—Buncombe County, North Carolina, was named after Colonel Alfred Buncombe, who came of a fine old family. He raised, equipped, and led a regiment in the Revolutionary War. Fifty years ago the representative of that county in the State Legislature, made a florid speech on a local issue, which he innocently explained was especially intended for Buncombe. In this manner was originated the expression "bunkum," which has since found its way into the dictionaries.

COQUETTE AND FLIRT.—A learned author explains the difference between a coquette and a flirt. A coquette, he thinks, is a cold, cruel beauty who fascinates men for the mere glory of conquest; while the flirt is an honest girl who makes herself agreeable with a view to a possible courtship. The prude says No, when she means Yes; the coquette says Yes, when she means No; but "the modest and refined flirt" says neither No or Yes, but looks and smiles sweetly, as much as to say: "Perhaps you can win my love." It is gratifying to see philosophers turning their attention to these important subjects.

STRATEGY AMONG ANIMALS.—Sometimes hunters set their dogs at hyenas. In that case a little plot is devised, not for the benefit of the dog. A hyena is concealed among some bushes, far enough away from camp to cut off nearly all risk of danger, and then one of the dogs is permitted to come nearer and neared the hunted hyena, which, in turn, makes off to its hidden mate. As soon as the dog reaches the hiding-place, out jumps the other hyena, quite bold-like, and the poor dog, blown with running, and not a match for a couple of hyenas, is promptly slain.

TURNBULL.—The hero of Bannockburn, King Robert Bruce, so the story goes, [illegible] strolled apart from his lords and other followers, and, while wandering thus [illegible] and unarmed among the beautiful scenes [illegible] near Callander, he was suddenly attacked by a wild bull which had been wounded in the chase. Fortunately, some of his attendants now caught sight of their sovereign, and one of them named Rule—famous for his great strength—seeing the danger in which his master stood, rushed forward, resolved to do or die for the king. Reaching the savage animal in the nick of time, he ran alongside of it, seized it by the horns, and, by sheer force, threw it to the ground, where it was speedily slain by the huntsmen's spears. The grateful Bruce not only gave William Rule rich rewards for saving his life, but also ordered him—in memory of his splendid exploit—to be known for ever afterwards as Turnbull (the man, that is, who turned or overthrew the bull).

THE LITTLE KERCHIEF.

BY FREDERIC S. WEATHERLY.

It was only a wee worn kerchief that lay in my trembling hands,
As I sat by the window dreaming, and looked on the moonlit lands;
It was only a wee worn kerchief, but it filled my heart with tears,
For it spoke of my beloved, and the unforgotten years.

I thought of the old, old garden, where many a happy night
She stood in the summer moonlight, and waved that kerchief white,
As she watched in fond confiding, for she knew that it would be
A beacon of light to guide me, a signal of love to me.

But the moon rose over the meadows; the night grew hushed and still,
And methought that my beloved came down from the old sweet hill;
Once more her hand was waving, once more that kerchief white
Flashed like the wing of an angel out of the silent night.

So I keep the little kerchief, with a trust that can ne'er grow cold,
For I know that my love is waiting as once in the days of old,
And out of the blue bright heaven, there will come in the years to be,
Her message of old to call me, her signal of love to me!

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED.)

ESTRILD looked up, white and resolute, too angry to speak; but he was desperate, and this made him the stronger of the two.

"You may despise me if you will, but your life is in my hands," he said, clenching his fingers involuntarily. "That villain Sinclair has engaged to scuttle this ship; he waits only to be near enough to the Cape to do this with safety to himself and his wife, and the ruffian crew they have hired. They intend to get safe off in the cutter and long-boat; the seaman whom they have taken as pilot, though he may be your friend, cannot prevent this vile plot from being carried out to its last deadly letter. It is I alone who can save you. Give me your hand, and I will run this ship into a safe port, where we can make a new home and be happy; and I will give these miscreants up to justice."

"Let me pass, Mr. Percy!" said Estrild, striving to get by him to reach her own cabin; but he pushed the table closer to the couch on which she sat and prevented her egress.

"So you do not consider me worthy of an answer?" he exclaimed, with intense bitterness. "You will find my words are true, and you will cling to me then for safety."

"Never!" Estrild cried passionately.

"Never?" he repeated. "But I say you will—I am resolved you shall! Death, mind you, is a terrible thing, and you will shrink from it. Better be my wife than die."

"I should think death preferable," Estrild said, with pale lips, trying again to pass him.

He stopped her with both arms outspread his face dark with rage.

"Is that your last word?" he asked, in a voice of concentrated passion.

"Yes. Let me go by, Mr. Percy, or I will call for help."

His arms dropped, he let her pass, hissing between his teeth—

"You will suffer for this, Miss Carbonelli, and repent when too late."

She paid no heed to his words; she closed the door of her cabin and locked it, then fell upon her knees and prayed with tears.

It seemed hours ere Carrie came with a word of comfort, and a message from Daniel bidding her be of good heart, for he was better—the fever had run its course, and was leaving him.

"Then there's Tom," Carrie said—"as fellow strong as iron—he'll fight for us. Why are you tearful and frightened?"

Estrild told her something of what had passed, but not all, for Mr. Vicat was her father, and for her sake she did not like to hint the words which implied that the captain was under an engagement to him to wreck the Venture.

"Scuttle the ship?" said Carrie. "Then now I understand why Tom is so busy whittling wood—making things that look like pegs. Poor fellow, it is well for him that I have got the care of the stores! I keep him well supplied."

"But how can you get down to see him, Carrie?"

"Oh, well enough! I can creep about like a cat now, and the man Daniel brought on board, whom they call 'Dick the gunner,' because he shuts one eye when he is looking at you, carries down candles and stores and all sorts of things to the hold. Daniel told me to trust him."

As these two whispered thus together, a sound rose in the air unlike any other sound on earth.

It was a mighty roar, louder than mingled thunders, stronger than the seas which it lifted and tore and scattered as it passed. On it rolled, like an infernal drum-beat calling fiends to battle; and swifter than lightning it swooped down upon the ship with sudden blow, beneath which she reeled from stern to prow, staggering like a drunkard in his cups.

The top-mast fell crashing into the boiling sea below, and ropes cracked like threads, as, reeling over beneath the strain, the ship rose again; and the wrecked mast was carried away—a mere wisp of straw upon raging waves.

In the appalling roar of the hurricane now fiercely swirling around them all other sounds were swallowed up, or touched the ear vaguely, as making some small part of its own huge and horrible outcry.

Yet, rising amid the storm, Estrild heard the voice of Daniel shouting like a giant to the winds; and feet hurried to and fro, and hands were swift to obey his orders; and the good ship righted herself, and lifted her prow gallantly above the mighty waves that rushed upon her with white death upon their crests.

"We are saved—Daniel is on deck!" Estrild whispered to the weeping terror-stricken Carrie, who was clinging to her with a clutch of agony.

"No, no; we are going to die!" cried Carrie hysterically. "Let me go; I'll die with Tom—if I must die—like a heroine; I'll drown with his arms around me!"

"Carrie, is this a time to talk foolishly? Hark—some one is trying the door!"

Estrild opened it, and confronted the Captain's wife; she was pale to ghastliness, but her eyes flamed and her long lint locks hung in ragged confusion on her shoulders.

"The pilot has battened us down," she said in a hollow voice; "we shall drown like rats in a hole! You are good girls—pray for me! We are wrecked—we are sinking! Oh, pray—pray, both of you—down on your knees and pray!"

She held on to Carrie with both hands, quivering and trembling in an agony of fear; while every shout of the sailors, every rush of sea across the deck, every fierce howl of the tempest, elicited a fresh shriek from her lips, a renewed trembling and writhing of her frame.

Amazed at this display of cowardice in a woman apparently so strong, Estrild bent over her with soothing calming words, and would have lifted her from the floor where she lay, but she cried out—

"No; don't touch me! It's true what he said—too true—I have no right to be near you; I ought never to have come into this ship. Oh, let me escape—only let me escape death this time, and I'll repent—I'll confess everything!"

"Will you?" said her husband, appearing suddenly at the door. "You'll have to reckon with me first. It's your doing, woman, that I am here with that traitor Percy, who is playing false to us both. Come and look at the gallant scamp, and see what he is worth. For my part, if we are going to die, I am glad to have it over, and finish life and all its curses."

His shrinking furtive eyes seemed to have caught courage from the danger which threatened him; his pinched blanched face wore a new aspect.

He dragged his wife away, and, ere he closed the cabin door, Estrild caught a glimpse of the mate seated by the table where she had left him, a brandy-bottle before him, his senses lost, his head resting on his outspread arms—looking what he was, a desperate and ruined ruffian.

So at this moment all command of the ship, all responsibility, devolved on Daniel.

But he worked with an unwilling and vile crew, the sole men he could rely on being only four—two seamen he had brought with him, "Dick the gunner," who was the carpenter, and Tom, who, although no sailor, could and did work at the pumps like a man.

At such a time of terror his advent was unnoticed save by his friends.

The darkness was intense, and, driven by the wind, the ship ploughed through it blindly, plunging onwards like a creature fighting its way through a thousand deaths.

Morning broke on a leaden and gloomy sea, on faces worn and anxious, haggard with the night's toil, on a ship—a partial wreck—that seemed to lie at the mercy of the waves, but also on a little ridge of cloud on the horizon which was land.

On this dim shore Mrs. Sinclair fixed her eyes in hope; if the wind abated, the boats could reach it safely.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HAROLD was in London, treading its pavements like a stranger. Another man had his chambers; his papers, huddled into a box, had been sent to his cousin, who was now a member of Parliament, and in town.

Harold betook himself to his house, and was received with amazement, mingled with a warm welcome and a hearty peal of laughter.

"Faith, my dear fellow, I buried you nately and respectably at my own expense," said The Macarthy, grasping his hand; "but all the same I didn't believe it was yourself, as I felt sure you'd make a more decent corpse than the scamp who has meanly got your honorable name put upon his tombstone. Your papers, dear boy? They are all intact, and I wish you joy of 'em."

There is no need to tell what Harold felt on reading Estrild's letter of recall. It was no wonder she believed him dead when she received no answer to such a message as this.

He heard all the history of his supposed death from his cousin, and could, in a great measure, now divine the advantage taken of it by Mr. Vicat, to influence Estrild when grief had broken her spirit. In a fierce mood he went to that gentleman's house, to find it occupied by a new tenant; but a few inquiries in the neighborhood led to his discovering his present abode.

It was a small house in a dismal suburb, and he was shown into a dingy parlor, where a man paralyzed and uncertain of speech sat in a ragged arm-chair by the window. In this man, so terribly changed and dreadful to the sight, he did not at first recognize Mr. Vicat. It was when Mrs. Vicat entered the room that the truth broke upon him.

"Oh, Mr. Olver, is it you?" she cried, with a burst of tears, which she wiped hastily away. "I knew you were living—I heard it a little while ago from Mary Armstrong. She has been a ministering angel to me. But for her, we should be beggars and outcasts. You see, my husband is a wreck; his mind gave way for a time when he found his daughter was on board the Venture. Then creditors fell upon him, he was declared bankrupt, and Miss Glendorgal, alarmed at not hearing from Estrild, came to London with the family solicitor, and all the Langarth estate was taken out of Mr. Vicat's hands. Oh, Mr. Olver, he had spent thousands of Estrild's money, he had done many evil things, but the worst wickedness of all was trying to marry her to his poor crippled son."

"Did he dare form such a scheme?" cried Harold, turning to the impotent man with fury in his eyes.

"Ah, and I should have carried it out too," said Mr. Vicat, in thick imperfect utterance, "if Gilbert had lived only a day or two longer! A better match for her than you, sir; and she was a weak girl, easily worked on through her foolish pity and her belief in that wizard son of mine. But he could do strange things; and I wish he could have helped me when——"

Here memory failed, and with the old vacant look he gazed from the window again.

It was a painful spectacle, and in pity Harold turned from it, feeling more of horror than of anger as Mrs. Vicat gave him the history of the last two years, and he could see dimly what a web had been woven around Estrild's life, and how dreadful was the plot by which Mr. Vicat had hoped to possess himself of her wealth.

"So she made a settlement in that wretched man's favor?" Harold said, with a gesture of disgust and indignation.

"I fear so," Mrs. Vicat answered.

"Oh, it's safe—quite safe!" broke in Mr. Vicat, with a dreadful chuckle. "And, when the Venture goes down at sea, which she is bound to do, I shall be a rich man. There's the heavy insurance too to come in. Then we'll have a grand wedding, my dear—we'll marry Carrie in proper style. That's my daughter, sir—my favorite daughter. She is gone to see a friend; she'll be home soon. I am sitting at the window watching for her, just at this angle I can look all up the street. I'll tell you when she is coming; you'll like her—every one likes her."

He looked out eagerly, and took no more notice of Harold; he had forgotten who he was.

"He was not so bad as this at first," said Mrs. Vicat, "he knew once that Carrie was on board the Venture; but since the blow came that paralyzed him he has always fancied she is coming home in an hour or two. He watches for her like that all day and every day."

"I am sorry for you indeed," said Harold; "but you know perhaps that I saw the Venture at Madeira safe and sound?"

A gleam of joy sprang into Mrs. Vicat's patient eyes; she went over to her husband and laid her hand on his vacant forehead.

"My dear, here is good news for you, Mr. Olver saw the Venture at Madeira—Estrild and Carrie are safe."

"Ah, at Madeira! Then it is all right, nothing was to be done till they neared the Cape. Yes, we shall hear news—great news soon. They can't keep the Langarth money from me then. My dear, isn't Carrie a little long this evening in coming back?"

Mrs. Vicat took her hand away from his forehead, and laid a kiss on it instead from her trembling lips.

"Yes, Mary is keeping her rather late; but she will be here soon," she said; then beckoning to Harold, she took a packet of letters from her husband's desk and gave them to him.

Three of these were his own, one from the Cape and two from India—the letters which, as he had fancied, Estrild had left unanswered in her resolve to make their parting final.

Why were all unopened? Why Mr. Vicat had refrained from breaking their seals was a secret of his own heart. Perhaps he feared they were from Harold, and he was afraid of making his fear a certainty.

Harold glanced at the letters with a rush of indignant pain that made his blood tingle, but he said nothing. This weak woman, who was innocent, was not a creature on whom to wreak his anger, and the criminal who had caused all this agony, was punished by a stronger Hand than his.

"Miss Carbonelli was a prisoner on board the Venture," he said; "yet she succeeded in sending me a letter to assure me of her safety and that she had a friend on board."

"Mary Armstrong's doing," interjected Mrs. Vicat, clasping her hands in thankfulness. "She travelled hastily from Cumberland to come to our help—not that I suspected my husband capable of——"

She stopped, as if unable to give utterance to her thoughts, fearing to inculpate and knowing she could not excuse him.

"From Cumberland?" repeated Harold. "Then Mrs. Armstrong does not live in London now?"

"Mrs. Armstrong died a year ago, and since then Mary has lived with a distant relative, a very wealthy man, whose charities are boundless. Mary is his agent in these, for his name is never mentioned, his face never seen by those he helps. I am indebted to him, through her, for our home and our bread."

Her voice broke and her tears fell, and a moment or two passed before Harold troubled her to speak again.

"I should like to see Miss Armstrong," he said. "Can you give me her address?"

"Yes; but it would be a long journey for you to go to her. She is at Mr. Irrian's, in Cumberland."

"Mr. Irrian!"

The name startled Harold into sudden paleness. He had last heard it from Trevel's lips.

"The name of his place is Trame," continued Mrs. Vicat. "A queer name; Mary says it means 'a dream.' She keeps up the town-house still where her mother used to live. Perhaps you had better wait till she comes there."

"No; I am impatient to see her, she can explain much that I will not ask you to tell me."

"You are very good," said Mrs. Vicat, her words rising with a sob in her throat. "I know you think I ought not to have allowed Estrild to be decoyed on board that ship; but Mr. Vicat's own son was going, and I could not—I dared not believe ——"

"My dear," broke in Mr. Vicat solemnly, "you prayed for the Venture. You said, 'God prosper the good ship!'—so she is safe. And, even if she sinks, Gilbert will raise her. He can do strange things, he'll lift her with threads of light. I saw a battle in it, sir, and the room was full of smoke—it killed him. Carrie is long in coming." He looked from the window again, and forgot that he had been talking.

Harold hastened to say good-bye.

"And let me assure you," he said, on parting with Mrs. Vicat, "that I have a firm belief in the vessel's safety. Estrild's letter gives me the conviction that she felt no cause for fear; and Daniel Pascoe is not the man to let her trust in him in vain."

Nevertheless, though he said this, his heart was full of a sickening fear as he went on to Lloyd's and made inquiries there which led to nothing.

The ship had touched at Madeira, they were aware of that, and had sailed for the Cape; they knew no more.

Full of heaviness and anxiety that would take no certain form, and therefore pained the more because it gave no chance of action, Harold felt that to see Mary Armstrong was the best and only course before him.

This girl who had interfered on Estrild's behalf was a mystery to him. What was her motive? Was it compunction for her father's sin?

And was Cumberland guilty? These questions, amid a throng of thoughts, haunted him as in a lumbering hackney-coach he drove to the office of the Northern Mail, and booked himself for an outside place to a certain town in Cumberland.

Through the long slow journey—thought fast then—which he began that night the same questions pressed upon his mind incessantly.

His promise to Mary Armstrong, which he had kept, his promise to Cumberland, not yet fulfilled, haunted him persistently.

He was dead, poor young fellow, he was certainly dead.

And yet, unless he was assured of this as a known fact, he was not bound to keep that rash promise.

How could he go to a man and tell him that his only son was glad to die? Perhaps before leaving London he ought to have inquired at the East India Office if news had been received of Cumberland's death; but—but he was not sorry he had left this undone.

Through the night into the day, and through the day again into the night, the mail rolled along the white roads with rattle of wheels and blowing of horn, with glimpses of quiet country towns and solitary cottages and among the lonely hills and with hasty meals snatched at old-world inns, and cheery chat with old-world coachmen, but also weariness and cramp, and broken sleep, and miseries untold—forgotten now, with all the pleasures of the old-world traveling, swept away by the breath of steam.

When the little sleepy Northern town was reached at last, Harold found there was still a long drive before him, as Trame was nine miles away, among lakes and hills.

He took a few hours' sleep, then hired a post-chaise and started on his lonely drive. And, as he wound round about the hills, or, in the valleys, entered into their shadows, the same indefinable fears and forebodings haunted him. They came upon him, an indistinguishable throng, and he could no more give them shape or form than he could bestow a body on the phantoms in the clouds that rolled around the crags and peaks above him.

An old-fashioned stone house standing against storm and rain on a steep hill-side; a winding road leading to it through sighing pines; a lawn in front, stretching down to a cliff, beneath which there dashed a mountain torrent, springing over rocks and boulders, till it leaped an overhanging ridge, and fell in a boiling foam into a pool beneath, from which there rose a shower of spray touched with opal tints by the setting sun.

A solitude so intense that it seemed a sin to break its silence by a footfall dwelt round about the great cold stone house, and a

singular melancholy grew upon the mind in gazing at its gray worn aspect.

This was Trame, and Harold, as he stood before its closed portals, felt himself an intruder.

He asked for Miss Armstrong, and was ushered into a long low room untouched by the setting sun, its gray dimness lighted only by a fire of logs on the hearth.

By the glow of these he saw three figures. Two of them were seated, Mary and a white-haired gentleman, the third half turned towards him, and then flitted away into the darkness of some room beyond him.

Harold checked his steps with a sudden paleness spreading over his face.

The thought of a promise unfulfilled thrilled through his nerves: he ought to have kept his word.

"Am I haunted, or is it a delusion of the firelight?"

He gave his hand to Mary with the question in his mind. She looked up at him with grateful eyes, her own hand-clasp close and warm.

"You have nobly kept your word to me," she said. "I have to thank you for a dear life."

Harold felt bewildered, he could not answer her.

"This is Doctor Arnold. He knows Estrild; he attended her during her illness at Salisbury."

"It was a cruel time," Harold said vaguely. "I could not guess she was there."

His eyes were still strained towards the inner room, it was full of darkness. He knew he was still pale; he felt his heart beating loudly against his side. In another moment a low cry broke from his lips.

A figure was coming forward from out the darkness into the glow of the firelight.

It was Cumberland, not pale, not gray with the shadow of death, as he had last seen him, but with hues of health on his handsome face and an air of joy all about him.

"Cumberland!" Harold exclaimed, in a voice which shook with a thousand mingled feelings; and a deep flush flew over his paleness as he grasped the young man's outstretched hand.

"I verily believe you took me for my own ghost," said Cumberland, with a touch of his old boyish laughter.

"If I did, I was justified," returned Harold, "for I left you at Calcutta on the borders of ghostland."

Cumberland's young face took a graver shade.

"I am always there," he answered.

Mary rose and stood beside him.

"We are in a haunted house here, Mr. Oliver," she said; "and its inhabitants are too fond of ghosts."

"We have Shakespeare's warrant that there are things in heaven and earth past our philosophy to comprehend," said Doctor Arnold.

"It is past mine to understand how Cumberland got to England," observed Harold, still full of amazement.

"In a ship, like yourself," said Cumberland laughingly; "but my ship was not delayed, as yours was. We made a very quick passage."

"But you were so very ill when I left you," persisted Harold, "that it seems a miracle."

"Yes, it was a miracle. I got better suddenly when quite given up, and I was ordered home at once by the doctors. So in reality I sailed only ten days after you."

Harold gazed at him from head to foot, still amazed, incredulous, and wondering, the Cumberland he had left dying, and glad to die, was so unlike the man standing before him, healthful and happy.

"You are still surprised to see me alive. Of course you believed me dead, and you are come to fulfil your promise to my father."

"Your father?" questioned Harold.

"Yes; I am Mr. Irrian's son."

CHAPTER XLIV.

As the tempest subsided, Mrs. Sinclair's repentance dwindled, and, when the waves were stilled and the sun shone out, she was her cruel self again.

But she did not forget her terror; it brought upon her a fevered restlessness and fierce resolve to hasten matters and reach land as quickly as she could.

So she looked upon the low ridge of dusky cloud on the horizon with longing eyes, and wondered and wondered if that was the shore she wished for. No one could tell her but Daniel, and he kept his lips closed.

It was hopeless to appeal to the mate; he had taken to a fierce drinking bout, and through all the hours of the storm he passed only from one stage of madness to another.

But for Daniel the ship would have been lost, she knew that; but she knew also he was Estrild's friend, and this poisoned her gratitude.

Her hatred of Estrild had grown intense, for any rough word the mute gave her she laid to her charge; his rage of drunkenness was her doing; the imprecations and insults flung at herself all sprang from the man's sudden love for this white-faced girl.

As the fire of her jealousy flamed and raged within her, it burnt up the last remnant of pity and softness in her soul, and she looked forward to Estrild's death with the keen desire of a wolf just fastening on his prey.

It was the second day after the hurricane when Estrild came on deck, and, though knowing herself to be watched, she went straight to Daniel and grasped his hand, and thanked him fervently for the brave skill and seamanship that had saved their lives.

"I hope the weather will keep fair," said Daniel, "for we've sprung a leak, and I won't promise to pull the ship through another such a storm."

Mrs. Sinclair drew a little nearer and listened.

"Is there no finding the leak and repairing it, Daniel?"

"The carpenter is down below in that hope now, miss; and, if he fails——"

"Yes?" Estrild said eagerly.

"Then we must run for the nearest port and keep all hands at the pumps. But, you see, miss, the men are worn out, and some of them mutinous too," he added, in a lower voice.

"And what is the nearest port? What land is that over there, if it is land?" said Estrild breathlessly.

"That is the coast of Africa," said Daniel, answering only her last question.

Mrs. Sinclair had heard every word; a gleam of joy shot into her cruel eyes, her heart swelled, yet felt buoyant.

For her, in her ignorance, the coast of Africa meant the Cape, the land of her dreams, and surely the boats could reach it in a few hours! She ventured to ask the question:

"Well, Mr. Pascoe, if things come to the worst and the leak increases, I suppose we could take to the boats?"

"I reckon we should have to do it."

"And would it take us long to reach that land over there?"

"With a fair wind, such as we have now, from six to eight hours," said Daniel.

Mrs. Sinclair walked away with a cruel smile upon her lips, she had heard all she wanted to know.

That night, while Daniel, exhausted by work and wakefulness, gave himself a few hour's rest, the boats were provisioned and got in readiness for a sudden launching.

The harassed and mutinous crew, glad to leave a ship which kept them constantly at the pumps, glad of the prospect of land and money, which were lavishly promised them, worked with a will and with all the stealthy silence the evil deed required.

* * * * * *

It was four in the morning; a faint light in the east was rising above the dusky line which touched the sea like a cloud, but towards which all eyes were turned as the land of their hope.

One boat was lowered safely, the other waited. If Daniel had heard what was going on, he made no sign; he seemed to sleep the profound slumber of an overwearied man.

"All is ready," whispered Mrs. Sinclair to the mate.

"Then get into the boat," he answered.

"Not without you," she said.

"Very well; then I'll fetch the girl."

"What girl?" she asked, in a fierce whisper.

"Not Hyde," he said, with a short laugh.

"You shall not save the other!" said Mrs. Sinclair, grasping him with a hand like a vice. "Of what use is all we have done if she lives? We are paid well—I'll keep my word with the man who paid me."

"And I'll keep mine," returned the other, wrenching himself from her clutch. "I swore that girl should cling to me for help, and she shall; she shall beg her life of me yet, and have it on my terms!"

He burst away from her and rushed down the companion-ladder, stumbling in the darkness as he went.

"Let him go!" said the miserable Sinclair, holding back his wife from following the mate. "We don't want that drunkard with us. I'll have the boat lowered at once, and leave him in the ship."

Mrs. Sinclair glared at him like a tigress.

"I'd leave you, and a thousand such as you, to drown before I would leave him!" she said.

"Take care what you say," he answered. "There's no time for quarrelling. The ship is settled, as you know, and she is sinking."

"Go and fetch Percy then," she said, pushing him from her as if to hurry him on the errand. "I'll not move till he comes."

"And I'll not move an inch to save the scoundrel's carcass from a dog's death!" he hissed between his teeth. "I never intended to let my wife's lover land with her at the Cape."

His eyes, usually so shrinking, were full of a wild fury, his white pinched face had lost its scared look.

His wife gazed at him for a moment in surprise, and then burst into a hard laugh.

"You play the man too late. Percy comes with me, whether you like his company or no. Stand out of my way; I'll fetch him myself!"

There was no need, for the mate at that moment reeled on deck. He was very white, and there was a stunned look about him as of a man who had received a blow; his lips were livid and shaking.

"Well, where is she?" asked Mrs. Sinclair mockingly.

"She has answered me as if I were a dog; and Hyde's bully, the stowaway, struck me down as I tried to reach her cabin door. But I called out, I made her understand the state of things, and offered her her life. She refused it; and now she may drown. I'll not lift hand or voice to save her. That man threatened me with a pistol; I have one too, and I would have shot him if I hadn't thought drowning a better death for him."

He spoke with all the sulky fury of a beaten ruffian.

The marks of Tom's fists were on his face—he put up his hand and felt the bruise—a white froth stood upon his lips.

There is a love which turns to hate; it was the sort of love this man had felt for Estrild, and hate was boiling within him now, together with a thirst for vengeance.

"They laughed," he said bitterly, "when their watch-dog struck me down; but it is we who have the laughing side. Come on, old girl—you are the woman for me after all—and we'll lead a jolly life in a new land!"

He put his arms around the woman, forgetting that her husband was by her side, forgetting all things in his brutal anger, the fumes of drink too being still in his brain.

He was wrenched aside and flung upon the deck in an instant, and Sinclair stood over him and spurned him with his foot as he lay.

The one great passion of this weak man's soul—jealousy—was working in him with a wrath that gave him the strength of a madman.

He flung himself on the prostrate mate and held him by the throat.

"It is you who will drown!" he hissed in his face. "No boat shall hold you and me together!"

Choking with the grip of that nervous hand upon his windpipe, the mate could make no answer—he could but writhe and struggle for a breath or two of life, which seemed fast ebbing.

"Let him go!" shrieked the woman.

But her husband took no heed of her words—they flew past him, not touching his sense.

He still knelt upon Percy, holding him down as a man might hold an infuriated dog.

Mrs. Sinclair looked around for help; there was none. The long-boat stood a furlong off, some of the crew standing, eagerly beckoning to the others to follow. Two men were in the other boat, ready to be lowered; two others were searching for some missing gear; so these three were alone on the poop, the gray dawn scarcely making them visible to the others.

Mrs. Sinclair knelt down and looked into her lover's face—it was purple, and his lips were whitening with foam. At that moment something cold touched her hand; it was a pistol which had fallen from the mate's pocket in the struggle. She caught it up and shot her husband straight in the breast.

He fell back, and the mate rose staggering to his feet. Half fainting, dizzy, nearly senseless, he clung to his rescuer, dimly wondering what had happened.

The men in the boat peered through the darkness at the group, but understood nothing.

The two others, coming up from the lower deck, ran aft to them with fear on their faces.

"Quick," they cried—"there is no time to lose! The water is rising fast. What is this?"

They looked down on the deathly-white face of the Captain. He did not utter a word.

"He has shot himself," said his wife. "We must leave him; he is as good as a dead man."

She moved away without another look, her arm around Percy, supporting his uncertain steps.

In another instant Sinclair's fainting eyes closed, and he saw no more.

* * * * * *

"Let us stand off and see the old Venture go down," said the recovered mate, with grim satisfaction in his hard tone. "How many scamps are there on board that wouldn't join us?"

"Eight, all told," said a Malay, his white teeth shining through the dark line of his lips.

"We may call 'em eleven," said another man, "for the pilot is worth three ordinary seamen. I was afraid of his coming on deck every minute. It is a wonder he slept so long."

Mrs. Sinclair, who had been shivering visibly, laughed a little in a forced way.

"I took good care he should sleep," she said.

The light was stronger now. The mate turned and looked her in the face; she was still clinging to his arm. He shook off her hand rudely.

"You are a woman who frightens a man," he said between his lips. "Was Sinclair dead when we left?"

"I neither know nor care," she answered. "He was killing you, and your life was worth a thousand such lives as his!"

"They are crowding on more sail!" suddenly cried a voice. "They have found out we are gone! They mean to run us down!"

"Her hold is half full of water," said another, "she won't answer her helm, she'll go down in a minute—she's scuttled in a dozen places, Dick said."

"I hope that girl will come on deck," murmured the mate. "Perhaps even now, if she dropped overboard——"

"Look at that chest," whispered Mrs. Sinclair, "you know what it holds, all gold. I would have it in gold. I have earned it; you will enjoy it. Don't let me hear that girl's name again. Row away, lads, we'll wait no longer!"

They rowed a furlong or two, then paused on their oars and waited again.

The light rose between them and the silent ship; they looked to see her go down into the smooth sea; their breath stood upon their lips, their hearts beat expectantly, they were ready to give a triumphant cheer ere they dipped their oars into the water once more.

But no such sight touched their cruel eyes.

They saw the ship stagger for a moment, as if unwilling to obey the bold hand that steered her; then she turned slowly with prow to the north, and they saw Daniel standing at the wheel; they heard the faint echo of a cheer, and the Venture sailed away, leaving their boat alone on the wide sea.

Consternation sat on every face, execrations passed from lip to lip; Mrs. Sinclair grew ghastly pale, but she did not shriek or weep.

"Can we get on board?" she asked; her terror thrilling through her voice.

She read her answer on the men's desperate faces.

The stretch of sea between them and the ship was fast increasing to a wide dim gulf; she was passing into the morning mist. A little while and her white sails would vanish amid its wreathing vapor; a moment more and the veil covered her.

She was as lost to them as though their wicked scheme had not failed and she and all on board had gone down to the death prepared for them.

* * * * * *

"Daniel, are we safe now?" Estrild asked.

"Safe as the rock of Gibraltar, my dear. Did you think I was going to be circumvented by a set of foreign scamps like they traitors in the boats over yonder—Malays and low Greeks and darkeys? I'm thankful to say there isn't an English sailor amongst 'em except the mate. No; they are with us to a man. And, though Tom there, who is comforting that crying girl a little too hard, hasn't the luck to be a sailor, yet he has the making of one in him. And he has done good work this night—brave work! But for him, 'Dick the gunner' couldn't have got safe out of their hands. Each boat fancies he is in the other one. It is well for him and for us that he is here instead. I reckon they would have killed him when they found out the trick he'd played them. Now, my dear, I must work, and not talk, especially as I'm still a bit sleepy, as I had to drink some of the grog that she-wolf mixed, or she would have suspected me."

"Daniel, is her husband dead?" asked Estrild shrinkingly.

"No," said Daniel, drawing a great breath of life; "but there is no hope for him. By sunset he will be gone."

"Can I help him? Can I do anything for him?"

"Perhaps you might read or speak a comforting word to him, if not afraid of such a sight as he is now."

"I am not afraid," Estrild answered; "and Carrie will be with me."

As she turned away towards the companion-ladder, the sun lifted suddenly the great white veil from the sea, and she saw the boats making for the dim shore which stood in the south like a line upon the sky. She gazed at them for a moment in wistful pity, her eyes shadowed with the sorrow the innocent feel for the guilty. Then she looked back at Daniel and pointed to the distant shore.

"Snakes and savages," said the old sailor grimly, "and a line of surf a mile broad. Give scamps rope long enough, as I've done, and they're sure to hang themselves. If the mate had kept from the bottle—well, then, I reckon, he wouldn't have jumped overboard in the dark; he'd have looked for his latitude at sea instead of falling on it headlong upon land."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHINESE EMPRESS'S DOWRY.—Never in the history of the world probably has a more magnificent wedding trousseau been provided for any bride than that which was prepared for the bride of the young Emperor of China a short time ago. A month previous to the wedding, the Chinese Empress-elect was presented with ten piebald horses with complete trappings, with one hundred pieces of satin, and with two hundred pieces of the finest cotton cloth. An even more valuable present consisted of two hundred ounces of gold, ten thousand ounces of silver, a gold tea-service, a silver tea-service, a thousand pieces of satin, twenty more horses with complete trappings, and an equal number of steeds without them.

Even the parents of the lady were considered. They received a hundred ounces of silver, another gold tea set, five thousand ounces of silver, a silver tea-set, and several ornaments. The most remarkable articles in the bride's trousseau were her hats.

The Celestial Court hat worn by the Empress is trimmed with sable, the crown being made of costly red velvet, along the centre of which is ornamented with three small oblong pearls of wonderful beauty, seventeen ordinary pearls being set around it. The button is said to be surrounded with seven gold phœnixes, which each is ornamented with seven large and twenty-one small pearls, and a "cat's eye."

UNDER FALSE COLORS.—A senseless desire to appear better off than we are makes nine-tenths of us squander our means in trying to produce an erroneous impression upon our neighbors. As a rule, few people are really deceived by such devices; but infinite harm is done to the characters and consciences of those who practice them. Everywhere are seen persons who, possessing ample means for a natural and wholesome life, throw away their opportunities of comfort and happiness, and exist in a sort of haze of false pretences, for no better object than the gratification of a vanity as purely animal as that which prompts the Central African savage to plaster his hair with mud and to smear his body with bullock fat. M. S.

YOU REMEMBER IT.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY.

You remember the time when I first sought your home,
When a smile, not a word, was the summons to come;
When you called me a friend, till you found, with surprise,
That our friendship turned out to be love in disguise.
You remember it—don't you?
You will think of it—won't you?
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the grief that grew lighter when shared;
With the bliss, you remember, could aught be compared?
You remember how fond was my earliest vow?
Not fonder than that which I breathe to thee now.
You remember it—don't you?
You will think of it—won't you?
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

Dorothy Ennerdale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," "HIS FRIEND AND ENEMY," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

"THEN," she said at last, "I am obliged to remain here until I am twenty-one?"

"My dear"—Richard took both her cold white hands into the warm clasp of his big brown ones—"you are to stay here in your home and be happy in it. Don't bother your little head about charity and governessing, and all the rest of it. Why, I wouldn't have you working yourself to death for anything that could be given me! It is my business to take care of you, and I mean to do it. Now go to bed and get rid of that pale face. Why, we couldn't get on without you, you know! Good night, my child;" and with that he led her to the door, and there released her hand, turning back to the fire with a very grave face after closing the door behind her.

"How, in the name of wonder," he muttered, after a long pause, during which he had tugged at his rough beard as he stared into the bright fire, "did that absurd charity notion get into the child's head? I had no idea of it. She doesn't much like me—I'm not quite the kind of individual she has been used to, I suppose, and that must have sent her off into that queer little tantrum. A child like her getting her own living, and bothering her poor little head with half-a-dozen children! I will not have it!"

He took up his pipe and slowly began to refill it.

"Yes; she would never have thought of resenting the fact that she owed her home to him. I believe the notion of my having turned him out is at the bottom of her dislike to me. She is fond of him, of course."

A sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he laid down the unlighted pipe and began to pace to and fro.

"Is it more than sisterly fondness, I wonder? She looked as pale as a ghost when he went away. And yet I can hardly fancy that it is so, good and honest young fellow as he is. And he? Does he care for her? That's likely enough; but yet I don't know. It isn't likely he would leave her to mope by herself for months if that were the case."

He gave a short laugh.

"I should think not, indeed! Well, she'll get that absurd governess notion out of her head before long, I hope."

He took up his pipe, lighted it, and, drawing Dorothy's lately-vacated chair to the fire, began to smoke. He did not speak again for a long while, not until his pipe was smoked out and the fire had burned low.

A cloak somewhere in the silent house was slowly ringing out the twelve solemn strokes of midnight when at last he roused himself, and came out of his long abstracted reverie.

"Take care of Dorothy," he muttered, repeating his cousin's last words. "Ay, I'll do that, but Frank, my dear boy, you had better have told me to take care of myself."

* * * * * *

Two more months went by, and the trees in the park were bright with fresh April green.

The time had passed pleasantly enough to the Squire, who was busily engaged from morning till night with his various improvements: Mrs. Escott had knitted and dreamed away the days and nights according to custom: but the time had passed rather drearily and sadly to Dorothy, who had only Frank's not too frequent letters to look forward to.

He wrote to her as regularly as he could; but his erratic movements rendered correspondence a matter of some little difficulty.

But, whenever he could write, he did so, and his letters were always amusing, long, and affectionate. He did not say when he was to be expected home, though, and, when she in turn wrote to him, Dorothy never asked the question.

Indeed he had more than once hinted that it was quite likely their cruise would be indefinitely prolonged.

And so Dorothy, paler and more subdued, began to picture herself as a governess as the weeks went on, and her twenty-first birthday drew nearer and nearer.

She had never faltered in that determination of hers, that, as soon as she was of age, she would leave Mount Ennerdale and earn her own living.

She had not mentioned it since that interview in the library; but she steadfastly adhered to her determination all the same.

She chafed as much as ever against the sense of unwilling obligation which Richard Ennerdale's guardianship forced upon her.

As for Frank—well, if he wanted her, he could surely come to her! She was a penniless girl, just as poor, really, as the very maid who waited on her; and what could she do but "go and be a governess," as she phrased it to herself?

A slight incident happened one day which greatly altered the lofty demeanor which Dorothy had so far maintained towards Richard.

Chancing to be idly cutting and chipping at a rough piece of wood with the huge clasp-knife—an old Cape companion—which he always carried, Richard managed in some way to let the keen blade slip through his fingers, and, instinctively clutching at it, severely cut his right hand.

Mrs. Escott, thoroughly horrified and prognosticating lock-jaw and a dozen other calamities, insisted upon sending for the doctor; and that gentleman, on his arrival, so far bore out the old lady that he pronounced the injury to be a very severe one, and, after binding and strapping up the hand, forbade his patient on any account to remove the bandage; and her nephew, though laughing at the idea of such a fuss being made over a cut, promised to obey.

An hour later he came into the morning-room, where the two ladies sat at work, with an open letter in his left hand.

Mrs. Escott was knitting, of course, and Dorothy's fingers were busy with a very gorgeous affair indeed, a scarlet merino frock intended for Polly Trickett's little baby.

"Dorothy," Richard began, with a smile, and holding up the letter, "I want you to help me out of a pickle. Here is a letter must be answered by to-night's post, and here am I with my hand tied up. Will you be kind enough to write the reply for me? It is only half a dozen lines. It must be done, or I would not trouble you."

Now it chanced that Miss Dorothy's temper was more than usually touchy on that particular day, for the morning post had brought the Squire a letter from Frank, and had not brought one for her; so, without troubling to look up, she responded ungraciously—

"I am busy just now, as you see"—then viciously—"Can't you get one of your other servants to do it?"

For a moment he stared at her in complete astonishment; then his face flushed, and he turned and left the room with an involuntary whistle.

"Dorothy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" cried Mrs. Escott, with unusual spirit. "How could you speak to him like that? What on earth has come over you lately, child?"

"I didn't mean to say it."

Dorothy dropped the scarlet dress, feeling thoroughly ashamed, now she came to reflect upon her words.

"You are right, auntie; it was horrid to say what I did—disgraceful! I don't know what made me do it, I'm sure!"

And then, in an impulsive fit of penitence, she got up and ran across the hall and into the library. Richard stood by the writing-table, untying his bandaged hand.

"What is it, Dorothy?"

His tone sounded just as usual. She wished it had not.

"Will you let me write the letter now, please?" said the girl meekly.

She did not exactly see her way clear to a complete verbal apology; but perhaps he would accept the action.

"Thanks."

Saying nothing else, he moved aside that she might sit down, and then, when she was ready, began to dictate to her what he wished said. It was by no means an amusing piece of composition, yet he smiled over it a good deal.

"Can I write any more for you?" Dorothy asked, when the few lines were written and the envelope directed.

"Thank you, dear."

He well understood the apology—she was too proud to speak.

"There are two or three more which should be answered to-day, if it is not too much trouble."

So Mrs. Ennerdale, conscious of blushing very really indeed, but yet very glad in her heart, wrote three more curt business-epistles, relative to building and painting and other matters, and, that done, stood wiping her middle finger on the pen-wiper for at least two minutes before she managed to say without raising her eyes—

"I'll write all your letters until your hand is well again, if you will let me; and mind you don't take off the bandages upon any account."

And then, without waiting for a reply, she hurried away, very glad to get back to Mrs. Escott and the scarlet frock again.

After this concession on Miss Dorothy's part, she found it, rather to her dismay, quite out of her power to resume her old cold behavior towards her guardian, cousin, and bugbear.

She tried hard, or thought she did, to keep up the barrier between them; but it was a futile effort.

To begin with, she wrote a dozen or more letters for him every morning, and, as a good many of these were connected with the estate, they were most of them talked over both before and after they were written; and Dorothy, though she did not by any means desire it, found herself intensely interested in all the Squire's schemes of improvement, and, almost without knowing it, offering various suggestions.

Then, too, he very soon began to ask her to accompany him on his walks to look at the progress of these same improvements, gravely declaring that he most particularly wanted her opinion and advice upon such and such a subject; and she—well, she began to realise that it was uncommonly dull indoors, with Mrs. Escott and her endless knitting and doleful dreams, while Richard had a hundred anecdotes of his Cape life to tell her, and the park and lanes were so lovely in their bright May foliage, and she not unwillingly accompanied him.

By the time the Squire's injured hand was well, and, by-the-way, it took a remarkably long time to heal—the two were on friendly terms that astonished no one so much as Miss Ennerdale herself.

"But then," she told herself, "he is by no means so objectionable as he used to be."

But this amicable state of things did not go on without an occasional storm to vary it.

Richard very often managed to "put his foot in it," as he called it, and thus outrage Miss Dorothy's dignity. One day he kept luncheon waiting for one hour, and at last appeared with a good deal of mud clinging to his attire.

On Dorothy asking what he had been doing, he told her, in a very matter-of-course way, that a cabbage-wagon had broken down in one of the lanes, and that he had been helping the driver to get up the horse, mend the wagon, and pick up his stock.

"I declare," he finished, laughing, "the fellow looked as if he would stay there until Doomsday!"

"What if he had?" said Miss Ennerdale snappishly.

"What if he had?" the Squire echoed.

"I know what I said well enough. How could you do it?"

"How could I do it? Why, bless the child, how I do anything else!"

"Very easily, I should think. The idea of you—an Ennerdale, and the Squire too!—hauling up horses and mending wagons, and then picking up—cabbages!"—with intensely scornful emphasis, as if the principal aggravation lay in those vegetables. "No one would believe that you were an Ennerdale at all, I declare!"

"Why?"

"Why? Because you do such absurd things!" replied Dorothy crossly.

She always scolded him when she felt inclined. "You have no sense of propriety."

"What is propriety?" asked Richard, pulling at his beard with an amused air.

"Why, behaving oneself properly, I suppose," answered Dorothy, halting a little over her definition.

"Ah, to be sure—I see!"

He nodded, and then added—"Why, I fancy you are about right, child! I don't think I ever managed to get any very clear ideas on the subject. We didn't pay a very strict regard to proprieties at the Cape, I suppose. 'Is such and such a thing right? Yes. Then do it as well as you know how, and don't rest until it is done. Is such and such another thing wrong? Yes. Then don't do it to save your life.' Those are about the only notions of propriety I ever managed to get into my head, I think."

And Dorothy, though she ate her share of the delayed luncheon in an unappeased state of mind, was fain to acknowledge—but only to herself—that, if he had learnt by heart all the books of etiquette that ever were written, he could hardly have got any better notions of propriety out of their combined wisdom and politeness.

CHAPTER V.

THE bright summer months went by with all their bloom and heat and glory, but they did not bring Frank home.

His letters came at irregular intervals, and now they told of an intention to prolong the excursion.

They had decided to see all they could, while they were about it, he wrote, and so they would go to Tangier and Algiers—a good many other places too, perhaps, before turning their faces homewards. It was doubtful whether they would reach England before the end of the year.

He was enjoying himself very much; but he longed to see Mount Ennerdale and her again; and dear old Dick.

So his long, bright, and amusing letters to Dorothy never failed to assume her; but over the last one which definitely announced his prolonged absence the girl shook her head and smiled with tears standing in her brown eyes.

"To-day is my birthday, Frank," she murmured, turning to look out of the window, where the last September leaves of russet and brown were showering down in the keen morning air, "and, when you come, you won't find me here. You should have come long ago; or, rather, you should never have gone away."

And then she brushed her hand across her wet eyes angrily, and turned away to the fire, for the door opened just then, and Richard came in.

"Good morning, Dorothy—many happy returns of the day, my dear."

"I didn't know you knew."

Dorothy eyed him doubtfully, crushing up Frank's letter in her hand. She had never particularly cared to talk about this twenty-first birthday of hers—to him, of all people.

"I shouldn't have known but that I got aunt Janet to take me into her confidence on the subject. Why didn't you tell me? When my birthday comes round, I shall chalk up a notice out there in the hall, I think. That's only policy, you know."

"Is it?"

"Of course it is."

His tone changed, for his eye caught the crumpled paper in her hand, and went from it to her face comprehendingly. "Is that a letter from Frank?"

"Yes."

Fibs were things very nearly unknown to Dorothy, or she would have told one just then with the greatest goodwill in the world.

"It is time he favored me with another, I think. What does he say?"

"Oh, nothing much, nothing particular!" the girl stammered. "He is not coming home yet, they are going on to Algiers and Tangier—Egypt too, very likely."

"When does he mean to be home, then?"

"He doesn't say exactly—I suppose he doesn't know. Not before the end of the year, at any rate. But I daresay it will be longer, for he doesn't seem to care very much!"

And then, moved by some sudden fierce little impulse, the girl tossed the unoffending paper into the fire.

It was the first of Frank's letters that she had treated so. The Squire looked after her, astonished, as she ran out of the room, brushing against Mrs. Escott, who entered just then; and who paused and looked after her too.

"Whatever is the matter now?" cried the old lady. "What is the child crying for?"

"She wasn't crying, was she?" her nephew questioned blankly.

"Of course she was. I declare I thought you had been quarrelling."

"Not this time."

"Well, you do it so often, you see," said Mrs. Escott innocently; "although it isn't your fault, Richard, I will say that. But really I don't know what has come over Dorothy lately—she is altogether different. All I can say is that I can't make it out!"

"Look here, aunt Janet"—Richard was pulling at his beard thoughtfully as he leant against the high old chimney-piece, looking down at the little figure crowned with its formidable cap, "I can't make her out either, although, as she's a woman, I don't know that's saying much," he added parenthetically. "But I thought you might know, perhaps, if I don't."

"Might know what, my dear?"

Mrs. Escott was entirely at sea as to his meaning; but he was too much in earnest to notice. He said abruptly:

"Whether she is fretting for Frank."

"Frank? Why, there is nothing the matter with Frank! What should she fret about?"

"She might"—Richard flushed to the roots of his crisp hair—"if she's fond of him, you know."

"Fond of him?" cried the old lady, still amiably obtuse. "Of course she is fond of him, and he of her. Why, they have been like brother and sister all their lives!"

"Only brother and sister, do you think?"

"Oh, that is what you mean!" cried Mrs. Escott briskly, and, glancing at his face, she began to dimly perceive that it was possible he might mean even more. "Oh, dear me, yes, that is all! There has never been anything whatever between them. They are too used to one another for that. I should think it would amuse Dorothy if she knew you fancied it. What a notion!"

"Don't tell her, then!" he said bluntly, and had then no time to say any more, just then Dorothy came back and took her seat at the breakfast-table, with eyes that bore traces of recent tears pretty plainly, determinedly cool and unconscious as she strove to look.

Only once during the meal did she let her eyes catch her cousin's, and then somehow their expression scared her, like a wonderful unexpected revelation, and set her heart beating so hard and loud that she was frightened again in a new way.

She got out of the room as soon as she could and contrived upon various pretext to keep out of his way for the rest of the day, refusing to appear at luncheon on the plea of a headache, and spending altogether a very dismal birthday in the solitude of her own room.

Indeed, it was not until the evening that she saw Richard again, when, as they were all three going out to dinner, it was absolutely impossible to avoid him any longer.

But her pulses quickened still at the memory of that look of his: and, when she entered the library in her white dinner-dress, looking even prettier than usual, with her big soft eyes bright and some white blossoms fastened in her ruffled brown hair, and saw him standing there, so evidently waiting for her, her heart again began to beat in that dreadful unaccountable way.

She would have liked nothing so well as to run away; and yet she perversely longed to stay and hear what he had to say to her, no matter what it might be.

So she crossed the room, and joined him on the rug by the fire, trying to be conscious only of the buttons on her gloves, which refused to be fastened somehow.

"Let me do it," he said, and took possession of her white glove before she knew whether to say "yes" or "no." "I'm rather clumsy at this sort of thing, I'm afraid. No; that'll do. What do ladies want with so many buttons, I wonder? I find two

one too many. Is your head any better dear?"

"Oh, yes, thanks — much better!" she stammered, and drew her hand away. "I—I thought aunt Janet was here."

"So she will be directly, I daresay. Never mind her at present. I've got something here to show you. Did you wonder why I didn't give you a birthday-present?"

"No," she faltered. "Why should you?"

"Why shouldn't I if you mean?"

He took up a large case of deep red leather which lay on the table, and held it open before her eyes.

"I daresay you'll think it's a queer sort of thing; but I thought you might like it perhaps. I shot that lion myself—and a fine big fellow he was—and dug up all the diamonds."

Although Dorothy was vexed, or thought she was—although she wished that he had not done it—and, although she was struggling against an absurd inclination to burst ridiculously into tears; yet she could not help an exclamation of admiration and pleasure as her eyes rested upon what lay upon the purple velvet bed—a necklace of lion's claws exquisitively polished, and set with such great glittering diamonds that she was fairly dazzled.

Richard, listening to her eager, involuntary words of thanks, looked pleased.

"The stones are only Cape, of course," he said; "but they look as well as any others, so far as I know, although they wouldn't be thought up to much in the market. I sent it to London to be polished and set, and all that. I'm glad you like it. Put it on to-night, won't you?"

Dorothy did not want to say "yes," but it was quite impossible to say "no;" so she removed the slender gold chain from her throat, and the lion's claws and big Cape diamonds glittered in the place of that simple ornament.

Catching a glimpse of herself in one of the great mirrors, the girl gave a half-frown and shook her head.

"It is too good for me," she said.

"Is it? I should like to see something that was."

"Oh, I daresay it doesn't look so very out of place now!" Dorothy spoke with a sudden desperate resolution, for the throbbing of her heart was almost choking her again, and she did not dare meet his eyes. "I only meant that I shall not be able to wear it soon, you know. I don't think people will much care to see their governess wearing diamonds; and I want to tell you, Mr. Ennerdale, that, now I am twenty-one, I mean to get a situation as soon as I can."

After this the Deluge! Dorothy never afterwards thought of that speech of hers without recalling also that particular quotation.

She never knew exactly what it was that Richard said or how he said it. But she did know that he scared her somehow, and made her feel more wretched and criminal and hopeless and miserable than she had ever done in all her life before.

"I didn't think you would care so much," she faltered out helplessly.

"Not care!" he echoed, almost angrily. "You know better. What did I tell you months ago, when we spoke on this very subject?"

"But you always knew I meant to go," Dorothy urged. "I told you then that, when I was twenty-one, I intended to go for a governess."

"I know you said so; but I hoped that you had long ago given up such a preposterous notion. Why should you do anything so ridiculous and unnecessary? What is the reason of it?"

"I told you the reason then. I am old enough to earn my own living, and I want to be independent."

"Of what?"

"Of what?" she echoed.

"Of whom, then? Do you suppose I forget what you said before, child? My charity, my charity! That was what stung you then and what stings you now, I suppose. Why can you not take as a matter of course from me what you took as a matter of course from Frank?"

"I can't," replied the girl, in low tone.

"Dorothy, see here;" and he touched her shoulder, causing her to turn and face him. "Tell me this. Do you doubt your being—welcome, and more than that, in this house?"

"No, I don't doubt that," she glanced at him and then looked away again, flushing painfully. "It is not that. You are always kind; but I can't stay here. I must go away, Mr. Ennerdale, I must indeed!" she exclaimed, with a passion which she herself hardly understood.

"I see;" and he lifted his hand from her shoulder. "My poor little girl! How you must detest me to consider such a slight obligation as yours to me such an insupportable shackle!"

"I don't detest you!" Dorothy cried quickly, recklessly contradicting all those past vehement assertions which she had made to herself on the subject.

"Don't you? It really appears so, my child."

"It is not true, then! I used to dislike you, but not now," declared the girl, trembling, on the very brink of a flood of tears.

"Then," he was watching her with a curious smile, "will you stay here, Dorothy?"

"No, I can't. I must go away!"

"Being a governess is so much better than staying here in my house, then?"

"You know it isn't; you know it will be horrid!"

Here the tears defied her utmost efforts to keep them back, and came coursing down her cheeks and dropping upon her white gown.

"Why, Dorothy, my darling!"

In a moment his arm was round the little woe-begone figure. "Don't cry like this, dear. I would sooner see all the women in the world crying at once than you, I would indeed. You don't want to go away now, do you, sweetheart? Because, you see, you shall not, if you do, for I almost believe you care just a little for your detestable guardian, after all, don't you?"

With the last words he stooped and kissed her wet cheek; but, as he did so, she forcibly released herself, and looked at him with a face pale and agitated, her eyes large and an expression of something little terror in them.

"No, no, you are mistaken—you are indeed! I am sorry, very, very sorry for what you have said. It is a mistake! It is all wrong—quite wrong. I did not think you cared like that—indeed I never knew it or dreamt of it! I will go away, at once, as I meant to go, and then you will forget all about me!"

She hurried to the door, then hesitated and came back, and ventured to lay her hand upon his arm.

"Oh, pray forgive me! Indeed I did not know!" she pleaded piteously.

"Forgive you!"

He started and looked at her for a moment in a dazed, pained way.

"It is not your fault, child. You are not to blame that I love you any more than you are that you don't me. I was an idiot to suppose that you would. How is it likely that you could care for me, a man different in a hundred ways from what you have been used to, and deficient in as many more? Well, there's an end of that kind of thing for me. I was a fool, that's all!"

He walked slowly to the other end of the room, and then came back to where she was standing.

"Dorothy, must you go away? Listen—I swear to you that, if you will stay here, you shall not be troubled with me. I have held my tongue in the past, and I can hold it in the future. I'll not annoy you, or remind you of what we have said to-day. Stay here, and then, at least, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that you are safe and happy. Will you?"

"No, no! I can't, I can't! I must go away, I will go as soon as ever I can obtain a situation. Don't try to dissuade me; I must go—I am not ungrateful, indeed! I will never forget how kind you have always been to me as long as I live!"

And, with those last passionate words, she turned and left the room.

"Oh, Frank, Frank," Dorothy sobbed, when she was safe in the privacy of her own room, "why did you go away and leave me? Why did you go away and leave me to this? I cannot stay here, I dare not, and see him every day! I won't remain here another week to pain him with the sight of me! I wish I could die and end it all!"

* * * * * *

Mrs. Escott cried and scolded and lamented and expostulated; but it was all in vain.

Dorothy was resolute. As soon as she could obtain a situation as governess, she would leave Mount Ennerdale. She wanted to earn her own living and be independent.

That was all the explanation the old lady's questionings could extract from the girl, when; to her intense astonishment, she told her of her plans.

"You must be mad to think of such a thing, child!" she cried. "Why do you want to go away?"

"I have told you, auntie dear," Dorothy replied steadily. "I want to be independent."

"I never heard of anything more absurd! A fine governess you will make—you who never willingly learnt a lesson in your life! Pray what does Richard say to it all?"

"He knows, auntie. I have told him. He knows exactly what I mean to do;" and the girl winced as she thought of the scene of the night before. "He would rather I did not go; but I must. I have quite made up my mind. I shall write to Mrs. Langton to-night, to see if she knows of a suitable situation in London. I think she may; she knows so many people;" and that was all Dorothy would vouchsafe to the old lady.

The same evening she wrote to Mrs. Langton, an old friend of Mrs. Escott's, urging her request, and at the end of a week Mrs. Langton's answer came.

She knew of a situation, if Dorothy had thoroughly determined to do anything so foolish, which she thought might suit her.

It was in the family of a friend of hers, a Mrs. Pennant; there were only three small children, and the salary was a fair one.

If she decided to accept it, she could enter upon her duties as soon as she liked. Dorothy hurriedly read the letter, and at once wrote back, accepting the offer, promising to be in London one week from that date.

That decisive plunge taken, she felt that the worst wrench was over. Yet why should she care so much? she asked herself, and, asking the question, found no reply.

She hardly saw Richard during that week of waiting, for he studiously kept out of her way.

She knew as well as if he had told her that he avoided her, so that his presence should neither annoy nor embarrass her.

The day of her departure came, a cold, dismal October day; and, when, at last, she escaped from poor Mrs. Escott's weepings and bewailing, Richard drove her to the station.

He had wished to see her safely to the end of her journey; but she had refused that, urging that Mrs. Langton had promised to meet her.

During the drive he did not attempt to enter into conversation, and it was not until she was seated in the train that he said, as he held her hand—

"If you get tired of this business, Dorothy, as I think you will, or are not happy, don't forget, my child, that the home you have left is always yours. Promise me that."

"I promise," Dorothy answered in a choked voice; and in another moment the train was speeding on its way, and she was crouching down in her corner of the otherwise empty compartment sobbing passionately.

Richard Ennerdale stood gazing after the train until it was the merest speck in the distance, and then he went out to the waiting vehicle, his lips tightly set, his brow clouded with a pained frown.

"I made a mistake," he muttered. "I made a most bitter mistake in ever coming to England. Well, Frank will be home soon, and it shall be set straight, for I was right enough in my fancy, there is not much doubt of that."

* * * * * *

Mrs. Pennant's house in Bulstrode Square was rather dull and dingy one. The small enclosure in front had two weakly laurel-trees, one deformed holly-bush, and half a dozen nondescript plants, rather scrubby in their general effect.

The back-garden was somewhat more pretentious in size, but nothing flourished there beyond a dust-bin, a dog-kennel, two or three hampers and wine-cases, and a good deal of rubbish.

Within, the house was well furnished, and nothing necessary for comfort was lacking; but the rooms were rather close and dark. Such were the still-life surroundings of Dorothy Ennerdale's new home.

Mrs. Pennant herself was a brisk, bustling, lively matron, rather fair, very plump, and probably some years over forty, good-humored, as most plump people are, but in a general way perhaps just a little too much for Mr. Pennant, who was a meek and mild gentleman, gray-haired and fifty, with a temper as placid as his own blue eyes.

The Pennant olive-branches, Amy, Alice, and Fred, were very much like all other children, neither better nor worse.

In this house and among these people, then, wilful pretty Dorothy settled down heroically to "be a governess," firmly determined that she had chosen her lot in life, and resolving not to look back.

Her duties were not heavy; she had nothing to do with her pupils beyond teaching them and, whenever the weather permitted, taking them for walks about the adjacent streets and squares.

Mrs. Pennant took a decided liking to her pale, pretty young governess, and treated her with rather more than ordinary consideration; while Mr. Pennant, who always went up to the schoolroom of an evening to talk to his young ones, had always a few kind fatherly words to say to the fair-haired, brown-eyed girl.

Altogether she was perhaps as well off as she was likely to be as a governess. But when November came, with its depressing dull days and thick yellow fogs, the poor child was utterly tired of her new life. At Ennerdale she had been used to the large rooms, the wide passages, the luxurious furniture, the breezy, open country.

In reality she had been mistress of the great house and its many servants, for Mrs. Escott's meek rule did not amount to very much.

Here she found herself obliged to conform to the rules of other people's making, obliged, too, to perform a hundred different little duties both for herself and others which had never before soiled her hands. However out of sorts she might feel, it made no difference.

The children must be taken for their walk; their lessons must be heard; and then they must stumble through those wearisome scales and exercises upon that dreadful, jarring, jingling old piano. Then, too, her only sitting-room was the schoolroom, with its faded carpet and well-worn furniture.

Plenty of company came to Bulstrode Square; but the governess was not permitted to associate with the visitors.

When the children were in bed, she had all the long dull evening to get through as best she might, with no more alluring amusement than the correcting of a pile of ink-blotted exercises, or puzzling over a sum that would not come right, try as she would.

Then, too, in the midst of her perplexed bewilderment there would come a distracting burst of laughter and music from below, where other people were together and happy. Ah, it was a doleful change, and Dorothy's philosophy was not equal to it!

The letters from Mount Ennerdale—she would not call it "home"—did not help to cheer her much. Poor, tearful Mrs. Escott sorely missed the bright young presence she had been used to for so long, and so her confused, rambling epistles were doleful in the extreme.

The place was not like the same, she wrote, it was so dull. Richard was changed too, or she thought so; he was silent and gloomy. She would be very glad when Frank came home again; and surely Dorothy meant to come for the Christmas holiday? No, Dorothy shook her head. She did not mean to go.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

METAL BACKS.—A new method of bookbinding has been introduced. This consists in the employment of sheet metals for covers, in lieu of the millboard or card which ordinarily forms the foundation to which the leather or other material is attached. The metal employed is very thin, and can be bent and straightened again without damage. For school-books, hymn-books, etc., which are subjected to much wear and tear, this method of binding is said to be very useful and efficient.

RUST AND IRON.—A German paper recently published a method of removing rust from iron, which appears to be very simple, and is said to be thoroughly effectual. It consists in immersing the article in a nearly saturated solution of chloride of tin, which, however, must not be too acid, or it will attack the iron treated. After removal from this bath, the metal must be washed in water, and then with a weak solution of ammonia. The iron so treated assumes the appearance of frosted silver, and is proof against rust.

A SIMPLE GAS-LIGHTER.—A simple electric gas-lighter has been brought out. It consists of an oval plate of vulcanized rubber, which is covered by a thin metallic plate of similar size. The latter can be withdrawn from the vulcanite suddenly by means of a small lever. The separation excites a charge of static electricity which passes in the form of a spark at the end of the handle used to turn the gas-cock, and in such a position as to ignite the gas. The device obviates the necessity for lucifers or tapers.

OIL AND STRENGTH.—A correspondent—presumably a doctor—advises those who wish to gain flesh and strength, to assimilate oil through the pores of the skin, instead of by the stomach. The patient is to take a warm bath, so as to thoroughly open the pores of his skin. He must then be rubbed dry with rough towels in a heated atmosphere, after which, any pure oil is rubbed into the skin. Cod-liver oil is said to be the best; but olive oil will do. By this means, it is said, an invalid will be able to assimilate ten times more oil than his weak stomach could possibly digest.

A RAILWAY PLATFORM.—The latest idea is to economize the minutes generally lost in a train stopping at a railway station. The train "slows down" as it approaches the platform, to the rate of from four to six miles an hour, and at this speed, as the train approaches, the platform is set revolving. The train and platform, therefore, move together; and, without the train stopping, the passenger is able to alight without feeling any sensible shock: the train moves off, and the platform slowly settles to rest again. The same invention, it is said, will enable people to enter a train while in motion.

Farm and Garden.

ROADSIDE TREES.—It is not advisable to draw the earth away from the roadside trees in order to elevate the walkways, as such methods expose the roots by uncovering them. Many valuable trees are killed by being thus treated.

BONE.—The refuse bone from the family table should all be saved and broken into small pieces for the fowls. They eat them greedily, and, when not supplied with bones, it is good policy to buy them ground and ready for use.

SEEDLESS RAISINS.—Seedless raisins are obtained by burying the end of the vine in the ground when the grape is half ripe. This prevents the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same, and has a delicious flavor.

LARGE AND SMALL.—In procuring trees in the spring it should not be overlooked that the younger ones will thrive better than those that are larger. The older a tree the greater the liability to loss. Young trees root rapidly, and begin to grow early after transplanting.

WEAK-KNEED.—For a horse that is weak in the knees, rub the limbs briskly with woolen, then bathe with salt and water, wipe dry, and apply a mixture of one pint of alcohol and one drachm of tincture of Spanish fly, rubbing in a tablespoonful twice a day with the hand. Let the horse run in a loose stall deeply littered with sawdust, or on an earth floor.

HONEY.—The honey extractor is simply a can containing a revolving frame. Into this revolving frame, the frames of honey are placed and rapidly revolved, or whirled around, by turning a crank. The centrifugal force throws the honey from the cells without breaking or in any way injuring the combs. The combs can then be returned to the hive to be again filled with honey.

GREEN FOOD FOR HORSES.—Green food in the summer is often the cause of serious indigestion in horses, with its common results—colic and rupture of the stomach, which is inevitably fatal. Such food should never be given wet, or heated by fermentation after cutting, or in excessive quantities, nor when a horse is weary. Clover or rye should be cut after the dew is off and before the heat of the day, and spread in the shade to wilt, or in the afternoon, and left to wilt until the next day. A sprinkling of salt will tend to avoid trouble with such food, as it prevents fermentation.

A PENNSYLVANIA man recently married a girl who had refused him eighteen times.

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The Rule of Fashion.

The idea of the sway of Fashion in society has been personified under the idea of a certain lady known as Mrs. Grundy. Through the all-pervading system of etiquette we are influenced by Mrs. Grundy. No autocrat can be more petty and exacting. Could any despotism inquire so minutely into the merest details of our personal life? And yet we all of us perforce must submit to it—some grudgingly, some willingly, but all inevitably, under pain of Mrs. Grundy's severe displeasure. For our many-laced tyrant has means at her disposal to punish and subdue the fiercest recalcitrant; she brings in her own bills of pains and penalties—and woe to the man, or still more to the woman, who ventures to disregard her high authority.

The crime may indeed be a very small one; you may only have worn a frock-coat where, by rule, you ought rather to have appeared in a swallow-tail and white tie; you may only have dared to put on a becoming hat where Mrs. Grundy's rule prescribes instead a decorous bonnet; but, if the offended potentate takes umbrage at your offence, however slight, you will feel her heavy hand upon your head in anger for ever. She will "take it out" of you for your wilful disobedience. You must do penance perforce in sackcloth and ashes before she will reinstate you in her wonted favor.

Mrs. Grundy has her spies pervading the world and bringing her immediate news of all shortcomings, omissions, or delinquencies. Is it really true that Mr. Jones last week was seen smoking in the back garden on Sunday at church-time? Is it really true that Mrs. Smith, at the corner, has been wearing the very same old velvet bonnet she wore so continually all last winter? Did Mr. Jenkins actually marry his cook? Was Mrs. Brown's papa in very truth a common laborer? Have you heard that young Robinson was seen in the street carrying under his arm a large brown paper parcel? Can you believe that Miss Simson is a lady at all, when you know that she carries home parcels enwrapped by newspapers?

Such terrible accusations do Mrs. Grundy's spies bring every day to their mistress's attentive ears, such watchful eyes does Mrs. Grundy herself turn perpetually on all the actions of her neighbors and her subjects.

Nothing is too trivial for her Grundian majesty to animadvert upon; nothing is too small for the acute members of her secret service to detail daily to their astonished sovereign.

And then what endless little hypocrisies and deceits inevitably spring from Mrs. Grundy's unceasing inquisition! How many people who dine early always call their dinner "lunch" when they speak in the presence of Mrs. Grundy's emissaries! How many people, whose ancestors honestly earned their own money by honorable trades and useful handicrafts, affect, in Mrs. Gaundy's hearing, to speak with contempt of "business!"

Are there no volunteers who will venture, whenever Mrs. Grundy is clearly wrong, to defy and disobey her meddlesome authority?

Of course there are times, we admit, when she is supremely right, when she guards the community from outrage or insult which written law is powerless to cope with. But in that case we do not call her Mrs. Grundy; we recognize her by her truer and better name of Public Opinion. When Mrs. Grundy is herself, however—merely Mrs. Grundy, and nothing higher—she can hardly be considered in any other light than that of an interfering and unreasonable despot.

It is not real vice or even real vulgarity, indeed, that she disapproves—often she condones or even encourages both; it is certain petty acts of social insubordination against which she happens to have set her face with irrational persistence.

Mrs. Grundy seldom objects to slander, to scandal, to unkind gossip, to selfishness, to self-indulgence, to reckless extravagance, to the cruel and heartless treatment of women. But suggest to her for a moment that you might go out to an "at home" in a gray morning suit, or that your wife might appear ungloved at church or in public, and she will regard you as hardly less than criminal.

Ask her, with an insinuating smile, to backbite her friends, and she will promptly accede to your polite request; but invite her to clean her own shoes, and she will at once suspect you of being an escaped lunatic.

Is it not curious that most people would rather commit a serious crime than wheel a bundle of clothes for the laundress down a fashionable street?

Mrs. Grundy has settled that moral delinquencies count for very little comparatively, but that errors as to the use of fish-knives or napkins, of courtesy-titles or military distinctions, of certain words, terms and phrases, are quite unpardonable. Truly a punctilious old lady!

Purpose ennobles everything, and the man or woman who has worthy purposes in life finds nothing that they demand trivial or menial. Take, for example, domestic life, made up as it is of numberless little things all demanding attention. There are some men so shallow and unphilosophical as to deem the ordering of a family an easy and trivial occupation that anybody could succeed in. As they leave their own cares, and come to their own homes for rest and leisure, they imagine that the life of those who preside over them and make them what they are must be all rest and leisure. On the contrary, it is only as the wife and mother is thoughtful and large-hearted enough to realize the grand purposes of home life, and to direct all efforts to subserve those purposes, that she can gather up its thousand details and give to each one its due proportion of attention.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example!

No one can ever plead that he has no time for self-culture, for in his busiest hours he may find abundant means to elevate and improve himself. But to do this he must work honestly, faithfully and energetically; he must strive for excellence in his department; he must learn to take pleasure in the good he is bestowing as well as in that he is receiving. Toil is the school for high principles. The most fruitful sources of truth and wisdom are experience and observation, and these belong to all conditions.

A great portion of all the worst mischief, negative and positive, that ever afflicted the world is traceable to what people erroneously call conscience, but which is often only a hateful compound of ignorance, prejudice and vindictiveness. The duty of man is to improve those faculties which enable him to think and act correctly. He must make his conscience a good, enlightened conscience; then, and then only, will he be entitled to honor and credit in acting upon it.

He who has a good or a great thought is immediately endowed with a trust. It is his duty, and should be his glad effort, to translate it into actual life, to convert it into practical reality, to infuse it into his own character, and to extend the influence to others. If, instead of this, he simply pleases himself with dreamy reveries of possible good, he will not be held guiltless of forfeiting a sacred trust and violating a serious responsibility.

Every community is cursed by the presence of a class of people who make it their business to attend to everybody's business but their own. Such people are the meanest specimens of depraved humanity which an all-wise Providence permits to exist on this earth. It is well known that almost every person is sometimes disposed to speak evil of others, and tattling is a sin from which very few can claim to be entirely exempt.

When the claims of business cease to engross the whole time and thought and energies, when the claims of home and friends and society come to be fully recognized, when the needs of a many sided nature are emphasized, when the affectional capacities are appreciated and individual tastes respected, then will the intervals of life yield a rich harvest of benefit and delight.

There is no greater mistake than that made by the man who is selfishly seeking any kind of happiness at the expense of others. If he search for it through his whole life, he will never find it. To diminish the welfare of his neighbors will add no mite to his own store. On the contrary, happiness increases as it is shared, and diminishes as it is selfishly grasped.

There is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purpose about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.

There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each to decide for himself and do that which may happen to be the easier.

Perverseness may be considered the canker of life, that destroys its vigor and checks its improvement; that creeps in with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

It is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble and meek persons; but he who can do so with the froward, wilful, ignorant, peevish and perverse, has true charity.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want.

A child who grows up loving good books is saved from many temptations that beset the empty-minded. He can always find a good companion; he need never be lonely.

It is a vast hindrance to the enrichment of our understanding if we spend too much of our time among infinites and unsearchables.

The World's Happenings.

Thirteen thousand miles of railroad were built in 1887.

Trottings on the ice are being enjoyed at Albany, N. Y.

The Astors own 9000 buildings in the city of New York.

The Republic of Switzerland elects a President every year.

A Denver, Col., man has a collection of over 700 writing pens, no two alike.

Waldeck, Germany, has a law which forbids drunkards a license to marry.

A country editor, having received a gift of doughnuts, thanks the "doughnor."

Two hundred thousand infants under 2 years old are believed to be farmed out in France.

The children in Bogota carry their own chairs to school, as well as their own pens and ink.

Mrs. Holloway Evans, of Marion county, S. C., has given birth to five children inside of one year.

A street car horse was killed recently in New York city by becoming entangled in electric wires.

Convicts confined in the Eddyville, Ky., prison are permitted to give public negro minstrel shows.

President Cleveland is an author. He once compiled the American Herd Book, for which he received $40.

Of the good clergy of St. Louis ten have just been indicted for non-compliance with the marriage license law.

An Albany, Ga., negro, who was killed in a fight one day recently, had made all arrangements for his marriage to come off two days later.

Eugene Powell, of Bloomington, D. T., got out of a sled for the purpose of running behind, when one foot struck the other leg and broke it.

A Toledo baggageman who checked a certain old lady's trunk about 7 years ago has just been left a legacy of $12,000 by the grateful woman.

It is a pink season in Washington. Pink menu cards are used; ices come to pink roses set in real rose leaves of green, and the ladies wear pink.

In a church at Spring Valley, N. Y., on a recent Sunday night, a mortgage on the building was melodramatically burned in the presence of the congregation.

The City of Mexico levies a tax on bull fights of 15 per cent. of the gross receipts, and thus far this season the city treasury has been enriched $40,000 from this source.

During a recent storm at the mouth of the Columbia River, in Oregon, the waves dashed over the top of the lighthouse, 120 feet above the sea level, and extinguished the light.

A mule which, tradition relates, first saw light in Virginia over 60 years ago, is an active resident of Laynesville, Ky., where it earns its living under the saddle and before a buggy.

A woman in Caribou, Me., gave birth on Christmas day to a boy weighing one and a half pounds. The mother has since died, but the child, at last accounts, was alive and thriving.

Dr. Merriam, of North Adams, Mass., has in his possession a sleigh which was made for his great-great-grandfather in 1762. It is still strong, and Dr. Merriam drives about in it every day.

A Mrs. Martin, of Atlanta, has sold her 10-year-old son to Joseph Burns, of Chicago, for $200. A dozen years ago Burns was a discarded suitor of Mrs. Martin. Rich and childless he now gets the boy.

An expressman in Boston had a package stolen from his wagon and began scouting for the offender, leaving his team on the street. While thus engaged a second rascal appeared and carried off a barrel of flour.

A German woman went into the express office at East Saginaw, Mich., recently, and sent to the Crown Prince of Germany, at San Remo, Italy, a package of medicine to help cure his throat. She paid $6 expressage.

Several of the colored people in the Boston evening schools are described as more than 80 years old, and one man is nearly 90, but they are "patiently and earnestly striving to gain the knowledge of which they were deprived in their younger days."

A party of jocose Americans recently sang "Here's a How D'ye Do" and other scraps from "The Mikado" before the great bronze image of Buddha, at Kamakura, Japan. The Japanese were awed by the song, and thought it was offered as an invocation to Buddha.

St. Petersburg has but one steam fire engine, and the same precautions against fire are taken there and at Moscow as were in use a century ago. Watchmen are stationed on towers 75 or 100 feet high, and when a fire is discovered a signal is given and the fire department turns out.

Several counties in Michigan pay bounty on sparrows, and boys there find killing the birds quite a paying business. In Monroe county competitive sparrow hunts are held for church benefits, the church securing the largest number getting those tagged by both parties. One church secured 1700 in this way, netting $17.

A citizen of Milledgeville, Ga., was observed coming from the postoffice with an open letter in one hand and a small piece of card with a 2-cent stamp attached to it in the other. Being questioned on the subject he explained that the 2-cent postage stamp was his lawful share of the proceeds of the foreclosure of a mortgage, which had just been sent to him by mail.

Several Wamego, Kansas, negroes, including one who had lost an eye, attempted to steal a pig, but the latter's exhibition of lung power was so provoking that one of the thieves volunteered to get astride of the pig and hold it while another dispatched the animal with an ax. The one-eyed fellow wielded the ax, but misjudged the blow, striking the accomplice, instead of the pig, killing him instantly.

THEY CHIDE ME.

BY T. H. B.

They chide me for my grief, but none
Suspect the cause of my regret;
They know not that I mourn for one,
Whom they so easily forget.

When they threw off the garb of woe,
Their spirits seemed again set free;
Alas! such mourners little know
The grief of one who mourns like me.

They breathe her name 'mid lighter themes,
With loud expressions of regret,
Because I name her not, it seems
To their cold hearts that I forget.

But though my tears in secret flow,
Still none shall hear me speak of thee;
Alas! such mourners little know
The grief of one who mourns like me.

A Street Affair.

BY JUSTICE FRESHE.

TOWARDS the close of a certain day—a November day it was, by the way—I was seated in my consulting-room making a jotting, as it was my custom to do, of my day's visits.

It was not late; evening was only closing in; but I had considered my work for another day at an end. As a doctor of medicine my practice was not large.

I had not long commenced to practice, which will account for my duties not being of a severely trying character.

The neighborhood in which I had established myself, at some little distance from the city, was one for the most part given up to a better middle-class population. Afraid to risk my chances of success in a too aristocratic district, and not altogether desiring to throw in my lot with the poorer people, I deemed it politic to adopt a medium course; and, I must say, I had as yet found no reason to regret having done so.

I was young and prepared to battle for a position, as I well appreciated I would have to do. Not infrequently the opportunity was given me of undertaking hospital work, such as assisting at post-mortems, &c., and while I cannot state that this added much to my slender income, I was thereby undoubtedly acquiring the best of knowledge.

On this November afternoon, as I have said, I was occupied in my little room in the rear of the shop.

I had not been many minutes in, when a cab rattled up to the door and dropped a tall, foreign-looking man, who, entering and showing signs of no little excitement, inquired for me.

Surmising that I was about to be introduced to a new "case," I left my chair and went into the shop.

The tall man was breathing hard, as if he had run a couple of miles for me, instead of driving in a four-wheeler as he had done.

I was not prepossessed by his appearance. There was something like a distrustful scowl upon his face, which was well browned; and his excitement, I half decided, was, at any rate in part, assumed.

"You are Dr. Ambrose?" he inquired, in a voice in which anxiety was well displayed, his restless beady black eyes seeming to search me through and through. I nodded, and he went on. "Ah! well I want you to see a patient. If—if you'll get into the cab, I'll explain as we drive along."

With some degree of trepidation, for there was something about him I did not quite like, I acquiesced, and, following him into the vehicle at the door, we were soon moving at a breakneck pace over the ill-paved streets.

It was a misty night, and I could not discern where I was being driven, but was quite aware of an exceedingly large number of turnings being made. We were, it seemed to me, perpetually turning corners; and I was in a perfect maze as to my whereabouts.

My companion leant back in the carriage and rubbed his brow with his handkerchief, eyeing me the while in the same distrustful manner I had before noticed.

He was, or pretended to be, so much upset by excitement that I said not a word to him, although he had expressed his intention of supplying me with the details of the case as we drove along. As a consequence, the cab was pulled up before another word had been exchanged between us.

We had stopped before a large private self-contained dwelling of several storeys. The houses were all very much alike, I had managed to remark, as we were whirled rapidly through the quiet street, and I could not recollect having ever been in it before.

The door was approached by about a dozen steps, up which I followed the stranger, who let himself in with a key. The door closed behind us with a noisy bang that struck me as being very inconsiderate with an ill person on the premises, and I found myself in an elegantly furnished through ill-lighted hallway.

As we entered a dog approached us. Hasty as was my motion, some defect about one of its eyes caused me to regard it particularly.

The left eyelid was only partially open when the other was wide awake, and this gave to the animal an unusual sleepy look.

Bidding me follow him, the stranger proceeded up the stairs, and pushing open a door he ushered me into a bedroom.

On the bed lay the rigid form, entirely covered, of what I on my first glance decided was a female of thin, spare build.

Laying aside my hat and gloves, I approached noiselessly and was about to turn down the bedclothes to see the face of my patient, when the stranger spoke. His voice was low, but it contained such a menace as made me take a step back.

"Dr. Ambrose," he said, speaking slowly, and fixing me with a stare which I returned as haughtily as my astonishment permitted, "this is your patient. He——" I started. Then the person was that of a man, not of a woman, as I had thought. I glanced in doubt to the figure on the bed, which had undergone no change of posture.

The stranger remarked my astonishment, and his eyes gleamed malignantly under his lowered brows, as he continued, if possible, even more threateningly than before:—

"He is unconscious. Now, understand me, doctor. His face must remain concealed from you, and the bedclothes must not be disturbed."

"But," I expostulated, in wonderment at his reasons for such conduct, "how in the world am I to diagnose the patient's ailment, if not permitted to make even a cursory examination?"

"As best you can under the circumstances. You can use your hands to count the beat of the pulse, and do all that is necessary for you to do in that manner, under the bedclothes; but you must not see his face."

"And what is your reason for this extravagant proceeding?" I asked him angrily, now fully determined to decline to render medical aid under any such preposterous and impossible conditions.

"I do not intend to give any reason," was his blunt reply.

"Then," I said sternly, "it is impossible for me to prescribe for the patient. I must see her to understand what is wrong."

I said "her" intentially, on the spur of the moment.

"You must see him, you mean, doctor," he corrected, catching me up and glaring at me, his brows again angrily lowering. I readily perceived from this incident that my first decision as to the sex of the patient was the right one.

I was now fully informed as to what sort of man I had to deal with—one of an unscrupulous, unbending nature, prone to browbeating—and that there was some villainy afloat and I was thoroughly convinced.

We were alone in the apartment with the patient, who had never once moved since my arrival; indeed I had seen no one else as yet. I was some paces from the bed; but, making up my mind on the instant, I strode towards it, at the same moment partly wrenching aside the clothes that covered the head.

I had time to see a pinched white lifeless face, the muscles fixedly set, a blue tinge surrounding the eyes, which were closed. A thin streak of silk black hair was upon the upper lip.

To act and perceive these things was but a second's work, then turning and facing the stranger, whose features were fairly contorted by passion, I ejaculated the three words, the first that occurred to me:—

"This is murder!"

Scarcely had the accusation found utterance, when a stunning blow on the top of my head, as from a heavy bar, deprived me of my senses, and I sank unconscious to the ground.

* * * * * *

When I came to myself I was lying on the little couch, in my room behind the shop, my assistant doing what he could to restore me.

The wound on my head was very painful but, I was glad to find, was not of a serious character. Naturally, on recovering my senses, I was surprised at finding myself there, and asked an explanation, for I remembered nothing after the blow.

"The same gentleman brought you back in the cab," I was informed. "He said you had tripped in stepping out of it, and he feared you had received a severe hurt to your head. He was greatly upset, and after getting you brought in here, said his wife was so ill he couldn't wait, but must go at once for another doctor."

Crafty fellow! was my unspoken comment; but——

"His wife did he say?" I queried incredulously.

"Yes," replied my assistant; "and he said he would come back later and see how you got on. There's the card he left."

I took it eagerly, and read, "Jules R. Condott." It gave no address, and I tossed it aside, for I knew it had been used merely as a blind to my unsuspicious assistant.

I pondered the affair long; but could make nothing of it. It was patent to me there was undoubted villainy about; but the more I mused over it, the more clearly did I realize how powerless I was to interfere.

However, I resolved it was my bounden duty to report the occurrence to the police authorities; and I did so without delay. A quick-witted detective sergeant, by the name of Holland, was put on the case, and with him I discussed the matter at considerable length and in all its aspects.

At the very outset we were nonplussed in that I was unable to point out the house to which I had been conveyed.

"I don't really see," said Holland to me after severe deliberation when we met by appointment early on the succeeding day—"I don't really see how we are to set about inquiries. You can give me no clue to the street, the house, or even in what direction you were taken. There is only one way of getting at it, though, and that is for you to scour the neighborhood, for coming accidentally upon the house, you will, of course, know it again."

I had thought of that, but when I recollected that all the houses in the street were alike or nearly so—for I had time to note that much before passing in behind the so-called "Jules R. Condott"—I was even doubtful of my ability to do what the detective so readily took for granted. Still, I might try; and immediately decided to set out out on my tour of discovery.

But before leaving Holland, who did not think there would be any necessity for his accompanying me on my initial walk round, I spoke again of the strange patient, regarding the sex of whom I was by no means settled in my mind.

It was Holland's opinion that the man, naturally agitated in conveying me back to the shop, had made a slip in speaking of his "wife;" no doubt the person really was his wife, although he had endeavored to make-believe, for some unaccountable reason, that the figure upon the bed was that of a male. The black hair on the upper-lip, the detective had little doubt had been attached to help out the delusion.

Hours long I walked through every likely street, and soon gave up all hope of succeeding in my self-imposed mission. There was a sameness about the tenements of that quarter of London that I had never till then known, and that was quite disheartening.

It was more than likely in my lengthy parading that I had chanced upon the house, but how was I to know it from its fellows? Weak from loss of blood, and tired out by unproductive rambling, I had well-nigh decided to give up the search, when the very clue I sought for was, unaccountable as it may seem, provided to my hand.

Abruptly turning a corner, I beheld, right in front of me, the sore-eyed dog I had seen in the house the night before. There was no doubt about it; I knew the animal again at once.

The discovery lent new energy to my tired limbs, and I plodded on after the unkempt brute, never, even for an instant, letting it out of my sight.

On through crowded and again through almost deserted streets, I followed for a considerable distance, jubilant at my good fortune, for I felt I was being guided to the house I so wished to reach.

The dog ambled along at a brisk pace with which I had some difficulty in keeping up; and I would surely have been left far behind had it not been for the canine propensity to sniff at every second corner.

We had come to a quieter part of the neighborhood. My search was finished. Running up a number of steps, the dog seated itself calmly at a door. There was the house.

Yet when I examined it more closely I was thrown into uncertainty, for it had every sign of being tenantless.

The windows were dirty, the steps unwashed, the brass about the door dull and tawny, and the casements on the first floor were closely shuttered whilst down in the area lay a mass of rubbish.

After all, was it possible I could be mistaken? It was only too apparent that the house was unoccupied.

But of what use was it to stand there gazing at an empty building and a mangy cur that sat square on its hind legs and seemed quite at home?

So, taking a note of street and number, I returned to make my report to Mr. Holland.

He rubbed his hands when I announced the finding of the dog, but, on my telling him of the unoccupied aspect of the house, his jaw fell.

"We'd better see it together;" and we set out for the street.

We had little difficulty in ascertaining that the tenement was to let, and before long we had secured the keys ostensibly to view the premises.

The staircase I recognized; but it was thick with dust. I led Holland to the room in which I had seen the "patient;" it was empty and covered with layers of dust, as was the case everywhere else.

Any little hope which the finding and tracking of the dog had raised, and which the deserted exterior of the building had left me, now disappeared; for it was simply impossible that the house could have been occupied in any way the night before. Careful examination was made to discover traces of recent habitation, but none were forthcoming.

In every chamber we searched; not a corner was passed by without scrutiny; and in the end, we had to admit our labor had been in vain.

I felt decidedly chagrined at this result, and though Holland tried to raise my spirits, I fancied he entertained some suspicion of my being in my right mind. Not that he had no cause for so thinking, as I myself was now half-inclined to look on my experiences of the previous night as having foundation solely in my own imagination.

But the pain behind my ear was too acute to permit of the long harboring of that theory.

I returned disappointed to the shop, Holland going back to the police office. I was sorely in need of rest, and slumbered uneasily for a time in an armchair.

Fortunately, my professional services were not in demand; had they been so, I question if their exercise would have proved to my patients', or to my own advantage. In fact, I was unfitted for work. The excitement and fatigue of the past twenty-four hours, coupled with the loss of blood from the scalp wound, were more than my physique could readily put up with.

But I could not long remain inactive. I was in a perpetual fidget. I had made a statement to the authorities which was already regarded with questioning by at least one of their functionaries. My professional reputation—it was not much of a reputation then, I had to admit with sorrow to myself—was at stake.

I was unable to substantiate my statements, and I was altogether in a very awkward predicament.

I even went the length, I may say, of viewing myself as accessory to a dreadful crime.

Thoughts like these kept recurring to me, and more with the intention of getting away from them than for any other reason, I once more went out.

Absently I shaped my course for the scene of my previous evening's adventure, and, almost before I knew it, found myself opposite the house.

It was now well on towards dark. The street was entirely deserted, save for my solitary self.

The edifice displayed all the outward indications of being without occupants; but as I looked up at the top windows, I fancied I saw a sudden flash of light.

In doubt as to the reliability of my eyesight, I continued to gaze upwards. Again there was the flash as of a candle passed behind a venetian blind.

No longer dubious of the fact, I speedily left the spot in search of Mr. Holland, pleased to be able now to strengthen my position even thus trivially.

The detective pursed up his lips in a puzzled way, when I breathless told him of the light; then, putting on his great-coat, we left the office in company, repairing with as much celerity as we could to H—— Street.

The distance between the police chambers and H—— Street was no inconsiderable one; but Holland and I were not long in covering it, which we did in silence.

We took up our posts immediately opposite the tenement, where we waited in the chill winter air for two whole hours unseen from the other side; but, to my extreme disgust, nothing was visible. The light did not again appear.

"Doctor, look here," said Holland bluntly, as we turned away; "I cannot for the life of me see how any person could possibly live in that house after the examination we made to-day. But, to satisfy you, and put the matter at rest, although I myself think it will be fruitless, if you agree we will come back here to-morrow, get inside the house and remain quietly in it till night. What do you say?"

"Very well," I agreed, glad to have an opportunity of settling the affair, and thoroughly put out at the non-success of our second visit to the locality; "that ought to decide it one way or other."

"You know," continued Holland, taking pity on my glum demeanor, and contradicting his previous opinion in doing so, "it is just possible someone may go in at night, when, of course, we shall nab him. It's queer, though, we haven't seen the dog."

The following afternoon, at four o'clock as arranged, I met Holland, and together we paid another visit to H—— Street. We quickly entered the house with as little noise as possible, and took up our quarters in a room on the first floor.

Our wait was a protracted and tiresome one, cooped up in a damp close atmosphere. The time passed with leaden step. Daylight was replaced by gloaming, and then night fell.

Seven o'clock had struck, and the darkness of night was quickly setting in, though to us it seemed tardy enough in its coming. Eight o'clock sounded from the neighboring church spire, and still no one had come to the house.

Holland said not a word; we stood in silence in the dark room; but I knew he was rapidly losing his patience, as I had done long before.

Hist! Something creaked above us. Neither of us spoke.

We held our breath for what was to follow. The creaking noise was repeated, accompanied by a dull hammering that reverberated strangely in the deserted chambers.

I felt the sweat gather in heavy beads on my brow. There were people in the dwelling, after all, then, it would appear. But who were they, and whence did they come?

"My gracious!" ejaculated Holland, under his bated breath. "What is that?"

I did not answer. I was straining my ears for the slight sound. A subdued and sudden thud had called forth Holland's exclamation. Some one in an apartment higher up in the building was now crossing the floor, seemingly with no desire to disguise his motion.

"They are at it now," again whispered Holland, and, in the momentary silence, I was conscious of his producing a weighty truncheon from the pocket of his great-coat.

"Will you go up just now?" I inquired of him in a similarly lowered tone.

"No. Let them go ahead for a while," he answered. "They get careless after a time, and can be more readily surprised."

The sounds continued, gradually growing more and more pronounced, as if to confirm Holland's statement that they would "get careless after a time."

Then the persons above us, for there were at least two, approached the head of the staircase, where they spoke together. None of the conversation reached us where we stood, by the slightly open door of one of the apartments on the first floor. The talking ceased, and they seemed to move away from the head of the stair, to return again, however, after a few moments, walking slowly and laboriously, as if carrying a heavy weight between them.

Cautiously and with a pause at every other step, they descended.

A lamp, suspended by a cord from the top bannister, afforded them but a poor light to guide their movements.

At this juncture Holland silently pulled open the door of the room in which we had ensconced ourselves, and we receded for some distance into the chamber.

The parties coming down, whoever they were, must pass our door, which led out on to the landing.

Some minutes elapsed ere two men came in sight, bearing between them a long coffin-shaped box, at the appearance of which I could scarce refrain from giving utterance to an exclamation of horror, for I had no doubt that it contained the body I had seen in the bedroom.

They passed before us and continued down the flight of dusty steps.

When about halfway down to the basement floor, Holland grasped my arm tightly, and pulling me over towards him, whispered:

"We must make an attempt at capture now; only I wish I had stationed some men about. However," he spoke grimly "are you fit for it?"

For reply I pressed his arm.

"Then, come on. We must get them both," and he approached the stair landing on tiptoe, I following.

* * * * * *

When we got to the head of the stair, the man in advance, in whom I at once recognised the person of Jules R. Condott, suddenly looking up and seeing us pursuing, dropped the box with a cry of alarm, and precipitately decamped.

The other, letting go his end of the wooden casket, turned round to ascertain the cause of his companion's sudden retreat, and Holland, shouting, "Surrender to the law," grappled with him, breathlessly bidding me follow the confederate. This behest I was on the point of obeying, but stopped, and went instead to the detective's assistance, for he was already thrown to the ground by his opponent, a man of meagre build but great strength.

The box in falling had come in contact with the thin railing of the staircase, breaking several of the plain iron supports.

Wrenching away one of these, the man, snorting like an enraged bull, whirled it round his head, and I naturally fell back, then leaping over the oblong case, he flew down the few remaining steps and disappeared.

Holland's head, dashed against the wall, with no little force, was badly cut, and several seconds elapsed before my efforts at restoring him were successful.

Then with as little delay as possible we followed the pair of culprits, but, it is almost needless to say, we saw no more of them.

Holland then made for the front door, where, blowing his whistle, he had soon several stout policemen at his disposal, who searched every nook and cranny likely to afford concealment, without, however, coming upon either of the men.

In the green behind the house, which was also subjected to close scrutiny by the light of the policemen's lamps, for it was now pitch dark, the exclamation of one of Mr. Holland's assistants, who had narrowly escaped falling into it, attracted our attention to a hole, of no great depth, which had been dug in a corner against the party wall dividing the properties.

The office of the wooden case, and the intentions of the two ruffians we had surprised, were now only too apparent. Holland whistled softly when the discovery was made.

"By Jove! this is a serious business," he admitted; then, turning to his men, he continued: "Here, Wills, Henderson, and you, Watson, away off round the terraces and keep a sharp lookout for any suspicious characters."

We returned to the house. The horrible nature of the transaction we had disturbed kept me silent. Had the two men completed their night's work without interference, a dastardly act might never have been detected.

Holland addressed me abruptly:

"I've no doubt, Doctor," he said, "they've got safe away. But I've been trying to think how they could possibly get into the house. I'll take my oath there was no one in it yesterday when we went through it together, and yet to-night they get into it without coming in by the front. It's puzzling, and I want to solve the mystery."

"We heard them first of all in the attics," I responded, and suggested, "Had we not better go up there now?"

We proceeded up to the top of the huge house.

In one of the rooms we found that part of the wall had been removed, giving an entrance to the adjoining tenement.

"That accounts for it," remarked Holland quietly. "The house alongside seemed a very quiet one, I fancied. But I thought you were positive of the house, Doctor," he added drily.

"Well, so I was, till I saw it couldn't have been tenanted, and even then the dog strengthened my former belief."

"By the way, we have never seen that dog again. It must have belonged to the last occupier of this house."

"I think that must be the explanation, although it must have been in the other house I saw it."

"Well, well. We've explained everything now and no mistake," said Holland, grimly; and turning to the policeman who had entered the room at our heels, "You go down to the house on the right, and get in—if you can. I expect you won't manage it."

The policeman disappeared, obedient to the order of his superior, and we crept through the hole into the adjoining building.

The garret apartment we obtained admission to in this fashion had, to all appearance, been used for the storage of lumber, and was full of odds and ends of furniture.

The rattling of the door-bell away down below was distinctly audible in the stillness of the night where we stood.

Holland's assistant soon came back to report, as we expected would be the case, that his prolonged ringing of the bell had brought no response, no one seeming to be in the place.

"Then we had better explore," decided Holland; and we commenced to ransack the house, which was in all details, as regards accommodation, the counterpart of that alongside in which Holland and I had been so confined. There was every sign of its having been so long in the possession of people of wealth. The furniture, if not all of recent date, was substantial, and costly pictures hung upon the walls.

One bedroom I had no hesitation in recognizing as that in which I had been so strangely introduced to my patient.

The furnishings of the apartment were tossed about in the greatest confusion—the blankets and sheets dragged from the bed and lying in bundles on the floor; the carpet ruffled, and a heap of charred papers within the grate.

The disorder was more noticeable in this chamber than in any other in the house, and as I gazed round on the disarrangement, I decided in my mind that if crime there was, and I had little doubt of it then, it had been committed here.

Leaving everything undisturbed, and stationing two policemen in charge, we retraced our steps to the box, which was opened by my order.

As I had thought, it contained within it a body of a woman, and, oddly enough, I could perceive no odor, on removing the lid, such as would indicate decomposition; from which I was forced to conclude that death had occurred not long before.

This puzzled me not a little, as, I debated, had the woman been dead when I saw her on the bed, decomposition must of necessity have been by now well advanced. Had the woman then been dead when I was shown into the room?

The body was rolled in a bed-sheet, and looked marble-white.

There was now no hair upon the upper lip, and the form was that of a young woman, who could lay claim to a considerable share of beauty, of not more than twenty-four years, I judged.

I had the box removed to the hospital mortuary, where it would undergo the customary post-mortem examination; and it now being very late, and feeling exhausted from my day's exertions, I left Holland and his men, returning home to obtain some much needed repose.

* * * * * *

Early on the forenoon of the following day I set out for the hospital.

It would be with more than ordinary interest that I would assist in the examination of the body we had captured. I had no difficulty in being put on the work; indeed, my friend Allgreave, the hospital doctor, invited my co-operation.

Donning white overalls, to save our own clothes from possible stains, we entered that part of the hospital buildings devoted to the storing and examination of the dead—in other words, the mortuary and dissecting theatre.

I had become inured to the peculiar sickening odors that hung around the long low-ceiled chambers.

The room in which the body was disposed was a large one, and contained quite a number of dissecting tables, each with its ledge on every side and perforated with numberless draining holes, communicating with the receptacles beneath.

Allgreave and I were alone, and, as was our habit, we performed our work in silence.

We moved the body on to the table close to the window to have the benefit of the better light.

My companion then turned down the cloth so as to uncover the woman's face. He looked at it for some seconds.

It was of the same delicate marbley hue which had before struck me.

"I say, Ambrose," at last he remarked, in a perplexed tone, "this body is quite fresh. It seems not to have been dead an hour."

I had taken the hand of the woman—a small, shapely, alabaster-like hand it was—in my own, and was surprised to find it rigid instead of flaccid and relaxed.

Allgreave, following up one of his tests to ascertain the length of time that had passed since death, and with the look of bewilderment still on his mobile face, administered a resonant slap to the side of the head, the effect of which was to cause me to drop the wrist I grasped with a start.

The pulse it seemed to me, had beaten in response to the slap, though I held the hand listlessly in my own palm!

Allgreave, noticing my amazement and my sudden motion, inquired, "What is it?"

"Why," I replied, beckoning to the arm in question, "when you gave that blow with your hand just now, I fancied the pulse throbbed."

"You don't say so?" And as he spoke a flash of intelligence replaced the doubtful look that his face had worn since we entered. He raised his expressive brows, and then bending anxiously, scanned the face of the inflexible form extended before us. After making an effort to bend the stiff elbow he spoke, and a thrill of anxious doubt seemed to pervade his words: "Ambrose, there's something wrong here. I'm not sure that she's dead."

I looked at him in astonishment.

"What do you mean, Allgreave?" I asked.

"Did you remark the absence of smell?" was his rejoinder.

"I did. To-day, and also last night, and it surprised me very much; but," I added, "I never doubted that she was not dead."

"Did you note the muscular rigidity of the limbs?" he went on; "they refuse to yield even to the harsh treatment!"

"Yes," I agreed. "When I first entered the sick chamber, as I think I told you, I was struck with the severe outline of the patient on the bed, although she was entirely covered then."

"I don't think she's dead," he answered quietly. Again he subjected the form to searching observation, making use of those innumerable and simple tests that seem to come with experience, but which, for the most part, were then unknown to me. I was like a cypher beside Allgreave; his knowledge was so extensive.

"We'll try the battery," he decided after a short pause of hesitation, an unusual thing with him; and he produced a diminutive case enclosing a small electrical apparatus for medical use.

The body was gently eased on the table to a sitting posture, although the bending of the muscles was no easy task, and the current sent into the small of the back, at the lumbar vertebræ.

The immediate consequence of the initial shock was that the body gave a sharp jerk forwards.

"Bless me!" murmured Allgreave under his breath, in consternation, I take it, that his own theory was supported by this incident. He had the narrow wrist in his hand. "She isn't dead! The pulse is moving!"

I stood in silence watching him. I could be of little assistance in such an extreme case as this, and I knew he would work better if I did not interrupt.

But to stand by, and watch in silence, was a trial to me, in my then frame of mind, almost more than I could bear.

He turned his attention next to the nerves of the eye, sending a strong light into that organ. The result seemed to determine his opinion.

"Catalepsia!" he briefly explained, without looking up; and what had been a sort of mystery to me, though I half guessed, from the characteristics of the peculiar case, that it was something of the kind now so concisely indicated by Allgreave, was made clear. I had had no experience of this dreadful nervous disorder, in which volition and all muscular action are abruptly terminated, leaving the subject torpidly in the posture he occupied at the moment of attack; and I was, therefore, of little service to my more learned confrere who had already determined upon his course of treatment.

He took a couple of fine needles and barring the woman's feet, ran them under the toenails into the quick, watching grimly for the result—a movement, hasty and not of long duration, of one of the arms.

He repeated the operation, and a quiver ran through the limb he had selected.

With the other foot he did the same thing, when a sharp twitch was given to the leg and a spasm crossed the waxlike face.

Satisfied with these displays of sensation, he proceeded to try the result of more exquisite pain, with the view of recovering the presently subdued muscular power.

Providing himself with a small-sized and finely-edged blade, he entirely severed the upper portion of one of the nails, cutting the flesh on both sides.

The whole body moved spasmodically, so keen was the torture inflicted, and an arm slipped over the side of the table waving to and fro for a few seconds with a pendulous motion, showing that a cessation of restraint upon the muscles had already to some extent supervened. Allgreave's attempts at recuperation were evidently to be crowned with success, and he apparently thought so himself.

At this stage he requested me to bring a couple of nurses, which I hastened away to do.

When I returned with the two hospital attendants, it was to find that Allgreave had so far succeeded in his task of bringing the woman out of her trance state that her eyes were staring wildly around, though they seemed not to convey any impression to the brain.

In this morbid condition she was carefully carried into the hospital proper, for it was thought that if she came to her senses in such a place as the dissecting-room, the nature of her surroundings might go far to procure a relapse.

There is little more to tell. The case was one of unusual interest to the faculty, not alone on account of the length of time during which the suppression of sensation and mental volition had endured, but because of the singular circumstances by which it had been attended throughout. The attack, it was generally agreed, must have been made by the disease when the woman was asleep, the position in which her body was found confirming this hypothesis.

It occurred to me, in reviewing the incidents leading up to this achievement of my friend Allgreave's (for the medical journals of the time regarded his successful treatment of the case in this light), that I had been guilty of a grievous oversight in taking it for granted that life was extinct when I hastily examined the body of the stair, and when I distinctly recollect remarking the total absence of odor peculiar to bodies which have departed this life.

I spoke of this to Allgreave, and he comforted me by saying he would probably have done the same thing in my place, and adding further that the attendant circumstances, so upsetting in themselves, entirely exonerated me from fault.

There was little doubt, and the view was corroborated by the woman herself on her recovery, which, I am glad to say, was soon effected, that the man who called at my shop had considered himself the cause of his wife's death—for wife of his she proved to be—and fearing discovery, had decided to entomb what he little thought was a living body.

The woman was not by any means a robust person, but rather one of nervous and hysterical tendencies.

I never heard anything more of her husband.

All that I can say is that the house in H—— Street was vacated some little time after the woman's discharge from the hospital as cured.

Whether the man, whose name was proved not to be "Jules R. Condott." ever returned, I cannot with certainty tell; but, as the case was much commented upon by the newspapers, and he must have been made cognizant of his error of judgment in deeming his wife dead when she was only prostrated from a nervous affection, it is my own impression that he did.

Certainly, the law could not hinder him from doing so, as my detective friend, Holland, had reluctantly to admit.

A Curious Trade.—The sellers of old cigarette and cigar ends in Paris hold a very peculiar market. It is in the Place Maubert, and here those who have been successful in picking up the remains of "smokes" cut their "ends" up into shreds, and sell them to destitute smokers, who, for an infinitesimal price, are glad to purchase "the residuum of cast-away cigars." So cheap is the cigar-end tobacco, that for a half-penny a man is able to buy sufficient for a day's consumption.

Light and Shadow.

BY ARTHUR T. PASK.

THE Musidora was slipping down the Thames. It was a bright June morning. The sky overhead was blue, and the Thames was blue, and a very pretty girl in blue serge was looking over the bulwarks, and she had pretty blue eyes. Yet I don't know that the little scene on deck was altogether a study *a la* Whistler. A yacht race was on, or rather had just begun. A pair of smart yawls had already left the rest of the fleet far astern. Beside the very pretty girl was a man in a Norfolk jacket—a grave looking man, with rather a worn look, though. He was pointing out the smart craft that was leading.

"You will lose your gloves, Minnie," he said, "and I shall break you altogher. Your worthy brother's 'beauty' wants a little more of the 'Yank' about her. She would have done better, though, on a 'soldier's wind.'"

The girl only laughed and shook her head.

"You beat me in everything, Dick." She looked up in his face. His was a dark, deeply-lined face—not an over-good face by any means—with a firmly-cut mouth and a heavy moustache—a man who looked as if he had had many a stand-up fight with the world, and had been, as a rule, the winner.

In the love fight with the little maiden beside him he had been very easily the winner. You could see that with half a glance. Sometimes a woman who loves us has loved us from pity; sometimes from a kindly friendship; sometimes because she is, so to speak, the capture of our bow and spear. Hers was the last kind of love.

The owner of the steam yacht was smoking his cigar, another couple were indulging in a mild flirtation on the other side of the deck, the breeze came in from the sea, and the seagulls skimmed with the breeze.

"It's a hollow business," said the owner of the Musidora, "it isn't worth seeing, the finish. What do you say? Shall I steam on to the Kentish Knock and back again? We might, for a change, stop half an hour at the Nore when we return."

One lady guest said, "Too delightful!"

Another, "Too awfully charming."

What more could their host want in the way of assent? The Musidora had soon left the racing-ground far behind.

The lunch had been delightful. The something or the other *mayonnaise a la* St. Petersburg had been splendid, the croquettes with salad *a la* something else had been dreams of poetry. The Rinentualer was light and loveliness and mellowness. Everybody was in good spirits, and the piano had been brought up on deck.

"Somebody must sing," said Mrs. Champlin, the owner's wife, "for there's not a cloud in the sky and there's but a ripple on the water, and I would quote Shelley or somebody else, only it's too much of a bore. Minnie, there's a dear little creature, give us something appropriate to the occasion—something that's nice and tuny and not too balladY."

"Sing," said her lover, laying his head on the girl's shoulder. She took off her gloves, showing her pretty little hand with the sapphire engagement ring. She took off the Tam o'Shanter cap, showing her sunny hair. She sang that lovely little song of Meyerbeer.

How does it go in English?

My pretty fisher maiden,
Come, steer your boat to land;
We'll sit and talk together
So sweetly, hand in hand.

As she was singing her lover was looking far away at the thin line of the Kentish coast. He strolled to the head of the yacht, and, sending a servant for a camp-stool, sat down in gloomy thought.

Every now and then the girl's voice seemed to ring through his ears, though there was but little harshness in it.

My pretty fisher maiden,
Sweet thou the star of eve.

* * * * * *

He was tapping heavily with his foot on the deck of the yacht.

Come, leave thy peaceful dwelling,
Thee I will ne'er deceive.

He rose angrily, and struck his hand roughly on the bulwarks. As he did so his face softened. The girl had ceased playing, had risen from the piano, and come up to him.

"Why, Dick, dear," she said, "how very cruel you are to leave us. Don't I sing nicely?"

"I was not thinking of that, Little Vanity," he said, and as nobody seemed looking he lightly raised her chin and kissed her.

"I wonder what you was thinking of, sir?" she said blushing, as she arranged her hat.

"That is, of course, a secret," he said, drily.

* * * * * *

The Musidora had run in close to the Nore Lightship.

Couple by couple put off in the dingy and made their way aboard the ugly craft that squats sullkily in the channel, snubbing and tugging at its anchor chains, while the clockwork of the lantern ticks and grunts overhead.

Of course everyone was delighted. One pretty girl screamed who learned that there was any amount of dynamite aboard.

"Then we shall all be blown up."

Then they went below and saw the men in the cabin working at their everlasting *marqueteria*. And some bought little boxes as *souvenirs* of the visit. And others said how truly, dreadfully, awfully shocking it was that the poor dear lightship men should be separated from their poor dear wives and daughters.

"You must not keep near me all the time, dear Dick," Miss Minnie had said. "You only want to be near me to-day because you don't wan't to be forced to show your good behavior. I shall go on deck and talk to the mate, and you must not follow me, sir."

She lightly ran up the hatchway. The deck was very silent. Everything was bathed in the moonlight, which mingled with the rays of the revolving light overhead. The moonlight was on the distant ruins of Hadley, on the Essex hill, and it threw the shadows of the anchored borlies off Leigh on to the tide, and it smiled on the dreary flat of Canvey Island, where the coast guardsman walked his rounds by Hole Haven, or perhaps strayed on the deck of the stranded bomb boat that served for his home.

Miss Minnie was admiring everything.

"The ship's like the Phantom ship—it looks quite a place for ghosts." As she spoke aloud she saw a figure move from the shadows in the stern. It was a woman. She walked towards her and said, with her pleasing girlish curtsey:

"What a lovely night it is, and what a lovely place."

The woman was some ten years older than herself. Her face was worn and weather-beaten. Miss Minnie could see that plainly enough, even in the moonlight. She looked like a fisherman's wife, which was what she was.

"We have no time—I mean those like me who have to work hard—to think much about what's pretty or what's ugly. We have to get our bread—that is hard enough."

The girl sighed. She had a kindly heart. Why should this world, that was so bright and beautiful to her, be so sad to others? She was young and pretty, and rich, and was loved.

Oh! it was very, very hard for the other poor woman.

"It is very sad to have to work so hard," she said to the fisher-woman.

"Yes," she answered sadly, and then smiled; "but I was once as young as you, and they said, too, that I was pretty."

The revolving light of the lantern ticked overhead in a dreary monotone.

"I am to be married next week," said Minnie. She was a simple-hearted girl, who loved to be friends with all. "Take that for a wedding present—I don't know what I am talking of—I mean as a compliment."

She placed a sovereign in the woman's hand. The woman looked at the young face. The moonlight shone on the golden hair.

"The money is much to me," she said, "but I should like to kiss you for your kindness."

The laughed and offered her cheek. As she bent back again her lover came up on deck.

"Minnie," he cried (the fisherwoman started strangely), "you must go below to Mrs. Chamlin. There's a sailor who tells fortunes. I shall smoke a cigar."

When the girl had left them the woman came forward out of the shadow.

"It is a good many years since we met, Richard," she said; "I suppose that is your future wife? I could tell that by the way she looked at you. I wonder what she would say if I told her how badly you behaved to me? It would serve you right for your cruelty. Say, shall I do it."

"She is the soul of truth," he answered; "she would cast me off. But, as I may be forgiven, I swear she loves me. I do not say it from idle vanity. It would break her heart."

The woman was silent for a moment.

"She pitied me, and I have kissed her," she said. "I shall not harm you," she added, "but swear to be kind her, or, perhaps, I shall find some way to haunt you."

"I swear it," he said, "and will you forgive me and take my hand? or I shall not be altogether happy next week."

"I do not see why you should be altogether happy—I am not. I shall not interfere with you for her sake, not yours. Leave me."

A fisherman came from below. He spoke roughly to the woman. They went down the ladder to a small craft that lay alongside the lightship.

The man who was to be so happy next week, watched the sail of the craft as it skimmed away in the moonlight. A guest who had been left behind in the Musidora had sat down at the piano and was playing from memory Minnie's song of the morning:

My pretty fisher maiden,
Come steer thy bark to land.

Someone touched him on the shoulder. It was his future wife.

"There goes the poor, pretty fisher maiden—poor creature, how hard her life is; and ours will be so happy, won't it darling?"

There was a blush of shame on his cheek.

The air of the "Fisher Maiden" came sweetly over the water. Minnie even hummed the words in his ear, "Thee I will ne'er deceive." The little craft that held the poor fisherwoman was lost in the distance.

THE OCCURRENCE OF FIRE.—Fire requires air; therefore on the appearance every effort should be made to exclude air. Shut all doors and windows. By this means fire may be confined to a single room for a sufficient period to enable all the inmates to be aroused and escape; but, if the doors and windows are thrown open, the fanning of the wind and the draught will instantly cause the flames to increase with extraordinary rapidity.

It must never be forgotten that the most precious moments are at the commencement of a fire, and not a single second of time should be lost in tackling it. In a room, a table-cloth can be so used as to smother a large sheet of flame, and a cushion may serve to beat it out; a coat or anything similar may be used with an equally successful result. The great point is presence of mind—calmness in danger—action guided by reason and thought.

In all large houses buckets of water should be placed on every landing, a little salt being put into the water. Always endeavor to attack the bed of a fire; if you cannot extinguish a fire, shut the window, and be sure you shut the door when making good your retreat. A wet silk handkerchief tied over the eyes and nose will make breathing possible in the midst of much smoke, and a blanket wetted and wrapped around the body will enable a person to pass through a sheet of flame in comparative safety.

ON THE STREETS.—London is filled with automatic shops, and they are found everywhere throughout Great Britain. In America we have the automatic scales by which one can weigh himself by dropping a five-cent piece into a little hole; but the Englishman has extended this device, so that now the children in the street can stop at the corner, drop in a penny, and a little drawer will fly out, and in it you will find a cake of chocolate or a piece of butter-scotch.

The desire is regulated by the place wherein the copper is deposited. To the right for chocolate; to the left for butter-scotch. Nor are the children the only ones cared for. The young man who smokes can drop in a penny at a certain box, and out will come a cigarette.

What a boon for an impoverished dandy with only a penny, but who is too proud to go into a cigar store and ask for one cigarette! By this device he is relieved of all impertinent looks or knowing smiles by the self-sufficient tobacconist, for he has only to face an iron frame which gladly responds to his trifling copper.

The proprietor of these automatic machines knows, also, how often a pedestrian or traveler wants a sheet of paper and envelope, or a postal card, and he has a number of the stands filled with stamped envelopes, containing a sheet of paper, which falls into the hands of a purchaser, who deposits twopence, or a postal card on receipt of a penny.

Automatic scales are also common, and life or accident insurance may now be effected by automatic machinery.

SLATE PENCILS.—Few know that one of the two slate pencil factories in America is in Virginia. The first ever established in this county is still in operation in Vermont. For many years America looked to the Welsh mines for supplies of slate, while great deposits of this material lay concealed in the earth on this side of the Atlantic. The quarry from which the slate is taken is within a few feet of the factory. The process is simple, and may be described in a few words:

When the blocks of slate are brought from the quarry, they are split into sizes convenient for handling, and are conveyed to the factory. Here the flakes of slate pass through three sawings—the first reduces them to long strips, the second to squares, and the third to blocks just long enough to make six pencils. In this last shape the slate is passed through a machine which reduces its size somewhat, and a second and third machine reduces it still further; and two other machines reduce the slate to the shape of the ordinary pencil, except that the ends are rough. Of these, one is sharpened, and the other is smoothed by emery. They are then sorted, counted, and boxed. The counting is done very expeditiously by means of a board containing fifty slots, each of which holds two pencils. A handful of the pencils is spread on the board—the slots full means a hundred pencils.

WITHOUT ARMS.—There recently died at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, New York, Richard Donovan, who was in some respects a most remarkable man. Twenty years ago, when a boy, Donovan worked in a flour mill. One day he was caught in a belt, and received injuries that necessitated taking off both arms at the shoulders. This misfortune did not discourage him, and, after recovering his health, he set about earning his livelihood as best he could without the use of hands or arms. Part of the time he had lived alone, and from the necessity of helping himself he became wonderfully adept in performing all kinds of work, using his feet and mouth principally. He owned a horse, of which he took the entire care, harnessed it, fastened and unfastened the buckles with his teeth, and drove with the reins tied around his shoulders.

Being in need of a wagon, he bought wheels and axles, and built a box buggy and painted it. He went to the barn one winter day and built a cow stable, sawing the timber with his feet, and with the hammer in one foot and holding the nail with the other, he nailed the boards on as well as most men could do with their hands. He dug a well twelve feet deep on a farm in the town, and stoned it himself. He could mow away hay by holding the fork under his chin, and letting it rest against his shoulder. He would pick up potatoes in a field as fast as a man could dig them. He would dress himself, get his meals, write his letters, and, in fact, do almost anything that any man with two arms could do.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An economical parent on the suburbs of Chicago has been experimenting something after the manner of the fellow who thought he could train his horse to live without eating. The horse died at an interesting stage of the proceeding, and probably had no one interfered so would the subjects of the Chicago man, who obliged his two sons to swallow daily a mixture of molasses and cayenne pepper with the idea that they would be warmed up so as not to need overcoats. Instead, the boys were made sick, and the economical parent was arrested.

A leading English paper states that a scheme for the erection of a bridge over the English channel is in active consideration among French capitalists and engineers. The projected bridge would be 22 miles long, resting on piers of concrete and masonry 180 feet long by 100 broad, placed at intervals of 550 yards. The causeway of the bridge would be 160 feet above the s a level, to permit the passage of ships, and would be 100 feet wide. The estimated cost is $200,000,000. It appears that the channel is not so deep as is generally supposed. There are shallows out from Folkstone not over 20 feet from the surface, the depth from these shallows to the shore on either side varying from 100 to 150 feet.

The severe weather has revived the subject of paper as a protection to the body. One paper recommending it says that "on the frontiers miners and woodsmen preserve large sheets of wrapping paper and newspapers to put between the covering blankets when there is an insufficiency of bed covering in the hotels or camps. An excellent protection out-of-doors for the chest when wearing the dress suit, with the low-cut coat and vest, is a few folds of paper underneath the overcoat. Many roadsters in driving put a few folds of paper across the chest underneath the overcoat as well as at the back, and find effectual protection against the cold winds that prevail at this season. The paper is like a wall in completely protecting the wearer."

"Why cannot fire engines be worked by electricity?" asks a New York journal, adding "Here is an idea, at all events. Surely room can be found on them for the storage of sufficient power, or the boxes of lightning might be carried by the hose carriages. In the event of the consummation of the proposition the machines would not contribute, as they do now, the greater volume of smoke at a fire. Then calculate the saving in the matter of fuel? It has got to come to this some day, and the commissioners might as well begin to consider the suggestion. Notification of the breaking out of a fire is given by electricity, and its extinguishment might as well be done with the same agency. Of course the idea will be pooh-poohed, but that is no reason why it should not be considered. All improvements or proposed improvements have to overcome fierce opposition."

Six and a half tons of diamond—surely even Sinbad the Sailor never ventured to compute his diamons by the ton—valued at about $200,000,000, have, we are informed, been extracted from four African mines alone in the course of the last few years. The other great diamond field of the world is India, also a British possession. Everybody knows that Amsterdam has hitherto been the centre of the diamond-cutting industry of the world, and in former times there was a good reason for this, as in London, at least, the industry was extinct. But everybody probably does not know that of late years efforts have been successfully made the reintroduce diamond-cutting in England, and that English cutters have beaten the Dutch in several recent prize competitions. The United States alone, it is calculated, requires $[illegible] worth of cut diamonds per annum.

New Hampshire boasts of a peculiar old gentleman who has a habit of waking up at night. As he detests a light of any sort, and still likes to know what time it is when he arouses, he has devised a novel scheme, which, though rather trying to any one unused to it, nevertheless fills all requirements. Placed in different portions of the house, he has twelve clocks, each one five minutes faster than the other. An old "grandfather" in the lower hall sets the time, and as all are striking clocks and have different toned bells, the old gentleman need never listen more than a few minutes at the longest before one of the clocks will strike. Knowing the tone of each one of his time-pieces as he does, he then has only to substract five minutes for each remove from the master clock. For instance, if it be clock No. 3, which strikes seven, that he knows it to be fifteen minutes to the hour which it has struck, and by following this method finds not the least difficulty in keeping track of the flight of time.

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Our Young Folks.

FROGGIE AND HIS MEDAL.

BY H. GORDON.

MERCY me! what are all those frogs doing down there?" said Mrs. Titmouse to her spouse.

"Well, dear, I hardly know myself; but if you wish to know, I'll inquire," was the compliant response.

"I should very much like to know, that I should," replied she, after the manner of her sex.

"Whereupon" shouted Mr. Titmouse:

"Hey, there, all you little folk down there, what's up?"

"'Tis the day for our athletic sports, you know, that's what's up," returned a pet frog, called Cheeky, because he always croaked the loudest, and was first and foremost in every fray.

The two tits were overhead among some waving trees, all quivering with sunlight and shadows; the frogs were on the margin of a wide, sweeping river, a fair sheen of dancing stars was it under the summer sky.

"Athletic sports, eh?" twittered Mr. Titmouse.

"Yes; you don't know what that means: you never have anything of the sort up there in your unstable element," laughed Cheeky, as only a frog can laugh, many of his companions looking up and hearkening.

"Don't we? We have many a flying match—catch a frog attempting anything so airy and graceful."

"Ah! well, every dog has its day, and every race of beings keeps to its station, gifts, and graces," returned the upstart frog.

"One of your forefathers didn't say that once."

"Eh?" croaked Cheeky, "what forefather?"

"He that aspired to be an ox, and puffed and puffed himself so big that——" the bird paused, for his gentle spouse nudged him with her wing.

"Don't hurt even a frog's feelings," twittered she.

But froggie called from below:

"Well, Mr. Tit, what comes after that? Out with it; I don't like half a story."

"Well, he burst his skin and died; and what is more, he has ever since been held up as a type, a shadow of all ambitious folk who step out of their own station and make a great fuss in a higher one."

"Ah! well, he won a name," croaked Cheeky, who would not be daunted.

"As you intend to do to-day. Do you go in for the high heap?" piped Titmouse shrilly.

"I can't satisfy any one as to what my intentions are, save my own clique," returned he loftily.

"Who is your umpire, judge, or whatever high-sounding name you've borrowed from those lords of creation called men and boys?"

"Not you, for the asking." Surely the creature was rightly named.

While the two thus bandied words, the other frogs croaked together in groups, or tried their powers in many a well-executed feat ere the real sports began, a touching scene was being enacted round under the river's bank, a cliff like eminence to the small athletes. At the mouth of a little recess in the bank stood a grey-headed mother-frog, her son at her side—a fine hale frog nay, he was called Bully, after his father, who had long since gone the way of all the earth, whether frogs or men, and was not.

"Go, my son; the prowess of your father be with you," so the mother croaked, a tender ring in her tone, and wiping her eyes in a dock-leaf hard by the door.

"But, mother, I thought my father lost his life on just such a day as this, you'd surely not wish me a like fate?"

"Yes, my son, after he had won the high leap, the first prize for swimming, in fact the first of everything, because his head turned giddy with success, so fell over the precipice yonder, and perished in the very waters where he had triumphed not an hour before."

"I'd like his prowess, then, but not his giddy head," croaked Bully, wistfully.

"Ah! my son, he had no mother's love to steady him—I think your head is right," returned the dowager Mrs. Bully, her eyes shining with fond tears. "So now go. I've no other blessing to give you than the prowess of your father be with you."

"There are but two of our fellows I fear, and they are Leapy and Floppy—Leapy flies rather than leaps, and Floppy strikes the water like—like no other."

"Not like my son," croaked the proud mother. "Courage, my son; 'faint heart never won fair lady,' nor anything good or worth the winning."

She kissed him—such a foggy kiss!—and he oped away, while his mother stood under the dock-leaf and watched him awhile, and then went to dress, and to follow him to witness the sports.

"Ah! here comes Bully from under his mother's wing," cried Cheeky, as the young athlete hopped up.

There were Leapy and Floppy, and many another aspirant for high honors. The leading spirits were chafing with impatience to begin, while the gray-haired ones, once foremost in the sports, waited and hearkened.

"Let me be your umpire," piped Mr. Titmouse from his tree; "the one out of the game always sees most."

"No, birds have very little discernment; geese belong to the bird tribe, and all the world knows what they are called," returned saucy Cheeky.

"And yet geese once saved a fine old city from its enemies."

Mrs. Titmouse said this, not liking to hear her lord brow-beaten.

"Trust a lady not to know the right thing to say," croaked Cheeky, bowing with froggish grace.

"Now here comes Mr. Squirrel—what do you say to him for umpire?" said Titmouse, who would pit his claw into the frogs' pie, snub him as they may.

"The very fellow—he knows the high leap and everything," came circling up to Mr. Squirrel, who peeped shyly down from the tree.

"Well, what do you want of me?" he inquired, descending the trunk of the tree, so as to be more on a level with the frogs.

"Will you be our umpire to-day in all our sports?" croaked Cheeky, spokesman as usual.

"Yes, if you'll abide by my decision," was the candid reply.

"Ay, ay, ay," thus the croak went round, and circled up, as Mr. Squirrel descended the tree, and entered its hollow trunk, to sit, as in a chair of state, to peer out and take note.

Cheeky now rang the bell; the aspirants for the high leap mustered. Bully, his mother's blessing ringing in his ears, Leapy, Floppy in the rear, Cheeky elbowing his way to the front—well, it made no difference first or last: the highest leap would win the prize. Several smaller prizes were contended for first by the younger fry, the prizes distributed by the lady frogs, who had mustered strongly, and crowded round—mothers, spouses, sisters—their hearts going pit-a-pat, while the dowager Mrs. Bully sat apart. Bully hopped to her side and stood there during the distribution of the prizes; then the bell rang again, and he leaped away to join his companions, Leapy, Floppy and the rest, Cheeky in the van, all words and confidence.

"Words without deeds never win in any game," observed Titmouse to his spouse.

"Cheeky wins!" cried somebody. Ah! there he went, carrying the bar with him—he had lost.

Leapy was nowhere, and tumbled over the bar, and Floppy with his long lanky legs kicked the bar down, seemingly, after he was over. "Now, Bully, the prowess of your father be with you. Your mother looks on."

"He'll never do it," croaked those who accounted him a mother's boy.

There he went vaulting over. "Hip-hip-hurrah!" rang the cheers over the water; none who came after equalled his flying leap—the prize was Bully's. It was but a crown of clover leaves which he laid at his mother's feet.

"Wear it, my son, though the perishing glory of a day," said she, placing it on his head, bedewed with her tears. Now the bell rang again; the swimming match was to begin. It was a glorious sight, all those young frogs leaping through the sunlit air from the bank into the river, all aglow. With a smile of encouragement Bully started well; but none applauded him, for all eyes were toward Cheeky, who was outdistancing them all. Athwart the stream, and back to the starting-point, that was the race, if race it might be called. Cheeky was striking out, striking out; the ladies' eyes following him, cheers ringing out to him; while Mrs. Bully gazed after her son, as never mother gazed before; Floppy, striking the water right and left, was in a shower of diamonds; the water was dotted with green heads—the contest would be a sharp one.

But where was Cheeky? Drifting away down stream, seized with cramp, a frog's cry of distress echoed over the water. Who would to the rescue? Heads were turned, but all held on—Floppy, Leapy, all held on. Bully struck off the track.

"Don't be a muff, Bully; you'll lose the prize," croaked Leapy, as he passed him.

"And Cheeky his life," panted Bully, and went gliding down stream. He caught a piece of drifting bark in passing; now he moored it among the reeds at the river-side, nay, more, the sinking Cheeky was thereon. Bully coaxed an old snail from among the sedges to come on board the impromptu boat, and with a reed to paddle poor writhing Cheeky homeward. But, dear me! a snail was never intended for a sailor; over he went into the water, he, car, Cheeky and all.

Well, Bully had nothing to do but to land Cheeky on the bark again, and, as it would not bear two frogs, to propel it in front of him as best he could, with a long pull, and a pull all together. Which he did; and lo! there were all the swimmers landing at the winning post as he came up, their shining tracks yet visible athwart the water.

"Floppy the winner—hurrah! hurrah!" thus rang the cheers from all those frolicsome young frogs, hip-hip-hurrahing all together.

It gave Bully a pang to see his mother, standing gazing river-ward, disappointment, love, and admiration blending in her beautiful eyes. His father's prowess had been quenched within him, by—by——Ha! all the youngsters saw him; they dashed in as he ran his shallop into the shallows, and bore it to shore on their shoulders, chanting at the top of their croaking voices:

"A name's a sound on fleeting breath,
A good deed done outlasteth death."

to the tune of, "Young froggie would a soldier be." But his mother whispered to him, amid her tears, "You have exceeded your father, my son. He lost his life in winning a name; you have saved a life in losing a name."

In the end a medal from the Frogs' Humane Society was awarded to him. So he lost and won.

THAT DREADFUL BOY.

BY A. S. PENN.

THERE were two of the children of Ruston village who were very well known to everybody who lived there. The one was little Elsie and the other was that dreadful boy Jack.

Elsie was every one's pet. It was she who had the prettiest flowers given to her from the cottage gardens, and who if she went to the shop always came away with a present of a packet of sweets, a biscuit, or an orange.

Even the shy babies who were afraid and cried when they saw strangers all held out their tiny arms to Elsie.

Jack was a very good boy in his way, but he was far too fond of teasing.

He teased Elsie until she grew so frightened that she used to hide when she saw him coming.

One afternoon in September Elsie was walking slowly along by the roadside with some flowers in her pinafore which she had collected by the way.

She heard a step behind her, but did not look round, for she was thinking about the new ducklings at home, and wishing she might have one for her own.

All at once two strong hands caught hold of her round the waist, and she felt herself lifted up in the air.

"Oh, Jack! Don't, please!" she cried, for she guessed then who it was.

In this part of the way there was a high bank, for the road went over a hill, and so that it should not be so steep for horses and carts it had been cut lower, leaving the steep banks on each side, with grass looking over the top from the fields above.

Up there on the grass Jack perched Elsie, and then stepped back to look at her.

"Now jump down," said he, putting his hands in his pockets and laughing.

"I daren't," said Else, who was very timid by nature, and she grasped the plants about her tightly with both hands, for fear she might slip off. "Oh, please lift me down."

"Shan't," said Jack, pretending to walk away.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" she called after him. "Come back! Oh, please, please don't leave me here!"

"Well, what do you run about for when you see me, then?" he asked. "If you run away from me I shall tease you, so there!"

The tears came into the little girl's eyes, and her lips began to quiver.

"Well, look here," said Jack, coming nearer. "Take off your shoes and socks and give them to me, and then perhaps I'll lift you down."

"What for?" Elsie asked, suspiciously.

"Oh, just as you like!" cried Jack, beginning to go again. Upon that Elsie obeyed, and threw down her little dusty shoes and red socks, which the boy instantly put in his pocket.

"Now I've got you! You're my prisoner," he cried, dancing about in the road, and making faces at her. "Now I shall punish you for treating me badly. Do you hear?"

Elsie looked up and down the road to see if any one was coming who would help her, but there was not a single person in sight. She tried not to cry, but her face grew redder and redder, and her eyes filled again.

"Look here," said Jack coolly, "I'm just going on as far as the shop, to buy mother some candles. I shan't be above half an hour, and when I come back I'll give you your things again, and let you go."

He ran off, and though the little girl screamed after him, "Jack! Jack! Come back!" he pretended not to hear, but ran on until he was out of sight.

At the shop he met with some other boys, who begged him to come with them to see Farmer Sutton's pond cleared out.

Now if there was anything Jack enjoyed it was seeing a pond emptied—especially when it contained eels. He forgot everything else on the spot, and went with his friends.

It was great fun. When all the water was gone there were fish of all kinds. The time passed so quickly that Jack had no idea how fast it was going until he saw that the sun was setting very low, and began to feel rather hungry.

He put his hand in his pocket, hoping to find an apple or some toffee, and then gave a great start and turned red, for his fingers came in contact with Elsie's shoes and socks.

He had entirely forgotten the poor child. Could she have been sitting up there all this time?

Jack was not hard-hearted, though he was fond of playing tricks.

He started at a run back to the village, his friends staring after him in surprise. And as he ran he seemed to hear that plaintive voice calling, "Jack! Come back!"

Through the village he went, and on down the road, as fast as he could go. But when he reached the spot where he had left Elsie there was no one there.

There was no doubt about it, she must have walked home barefoot.

As Jack pictured to himself her sore little white feet treading on the stony, dusty road, he began to feel a little afraid on his own account, that he might have got himself into trouble.

However, he went bravely on to Elsie's own home to find out in what state she had arrived, and to take the blame or punishment that must be in store.

But to his horror he found that Elsie had never been seen since she went out in the afternoon, and that her parents were away looking for her in all directions.

There was nobody at home but the old granny, who shook her head dismally at Jack, and said she was sure some harm had happened to the child, and they should never see her any more.

The fact was, that directly Jack had left her perched up there, Elsie, to her great joy, saw her elder sister Madge coming up, heard what was the matter, and took the little one from the bank on to her shoulders, for she was a great strong girl.

"I'm going a long way, Elsie," she said, "but never mind. You must come with me, and we shall be home before dark."

So it happened that their father and mother met them coming home, and directly after the whole party met Jack, who looked pale and frightened.

"You young scamp!" said Elsie's father. But Elsie leaned from Madge's arms and clasped the boy round the neck.

"Never mind," she said, "I won't run away from you any more."

PEARLING.

Pearls are the only gems drawn from the depths of the sea, unless coral shells for cutting cameos can be counted as such.

Pearling has now been organized into a regular business, in which the diver works for fixed wages, and what is found in the shells he brings up belongs to his employer.

The oldest pearl fishery in the world is that which has been worked from time immemorial on the shores of Ceylon and the opposite coast of Southern India; but at the present day the region where the pearling business is carried on most systematically and successfully lies more to the eastward, in the seas near the coast of Australia.

Pearling began on that coast not quite twenty years ago, and, like many great and successful enterprises, it began in a very small way. At first, the shells were simply picked up on reefs left dry at low water; then rowboats with a few native divers began to work in the shallows near the shore. Now, the work is carried on in deep water by a considerable number of schooners and other smaller craft which can venture out of sight of land in search of shell-bearing reefs. The work can be carried on for only about six months of the year.

In the fine weather the pearling fleet is at work at various points along two thousand miles of coast. The day's work on board of a pearling schooner is a hard one. Her crew usually consists of a few white men, made up of the owner and his partners, and perhaps some hired hands, and a much larger number of black men, these being generally native Australian divers.

The day begins at six a. m., when the pearl shells collected on the previous day are examined. The shells are opened and cleared out, the body of the fish being carefully examined for pearls, the best of which are usually found wholly or partly imbedded in its soft substance. The shell itself is carefully scrutinized for pearls adhering to it; and if there are any suspicious-looking blisters on its surface, it is split up with a chisel, the result sometimes being the discovery of a pearl imbedded in the coats of the shell.

Pearl finding is of course very uncertain work; sometimes hundreds of shells may be opened without finding anything. But the pearler has the consolation of knowing that even in such a case his work is not labor lost. As the shells are cleaned they are piled up on the deck to be packed, later on, in big barrels, to be sent to Europe or America to be cut into buttons, etc.

After the work of cleaning and searching the shells has been completed, there is a substantial breakfast, and then the day's fishing begins. The boats are manned, the full complement for a schooner being half a dozen. Each boat carries a white man and a number of black divers. The white man steers the boat and superintends the day's work; the divers plunge in, coming up with the shells held in their hands, or grasped with the toes, or sometimes under the arm. They climb into the boat, rest a while, and then go down again, sometimes to a depth of one hundred feet.

The day's work lasts eight hours. Each diver's shells are piled apart in the boat, for they are paid by piecework. The diver works well if one dive in eight produces a pair of shells—that is, one shellfish; and his day's take will range from ten to twenty-five.

A man has been known to bring up a hundred in a day, but this would be exceptionally successful diving.

Late in the afternoon, the boats pull back to the schooner; perhaps they have been as much as six miles away from her during the day.

The shells are piled on the deck, the number brought by each diver being noted to his credit. The boats are cleaned and secured for the night, and then there is dinner, after which the blacks set to work to clean coze, mud, &c. off the shells. The opening of them is done by the white men in the morning.

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.

FIRELIGHT.

BY L. J. G.

Not summer's noontide glory
Enfolding mountain hoary,
A breadth of woven gold;
Nor moonbeams as they quiver
At midnight on the river;
Nor starlight pure and cold.

Nor glare of lamps revealing
The giddy mazes wheeling,
Of feet that never tire—
Can rival in their splendor
That mystic charm and tender,
A trembling, fitful fire.

For while the gay light dances
Upon the wall, what fancies
Come dancing o'er the soul—
Come quicker yet and quicker,
The more the bright tongues flicker
In lightnings from the coal.

Then palaces are builded,
And days unborn are gilded
With visionary gleam;
'Tis then the memory passes
Beneath the churchyard grasses
In retrospective dream.

Ah, Firelight, weird, enchanting,
Bright hopes and dreams implanting,
Most sweet of lights and blest,
Beneath thy benediction,
Hearts weary with life's friction
Can find a moment's rest.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The origin of sending Valentines is generally attributed to Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was made prisoner in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. The reason for their being called Valentines is probably because he sent the first of these billets doux on St. Valentine's Day. The Duke of Orleans having set the example, it was quickly followed, not only by gentlemen, but by ladies likewise.

In that very quaint record of domestic life in England during the reign of Charles II., Pepys' Diary, we find some rare illustrations of the customs then practiced on St. Valentine's Day. It would appear that married and single alike were equally liable to be chosen as a Valentine, and that a present was regularly given to the party making the choice. These presents were probably given to relieve the obligation under which the being drawn as Valentine had placed the donors.

Shakspeare, Chaucer, Donne, and Drayton, all refer to this festival, but none by a line which would infer that in their day it was in any respect similar to the anniversary it became after cheap postage enabled anyone to gratify his or her longing in this direction.

The drawing of Valentines was, at this period, the only form it took. In Drayton's day ladies, single or married, could be drawn, though, it ought to be added, the selection entailed nothing more serious than certain gifts from the gentleman drawing them.

Hone, in his "Commonplace Book," records that he was in a rural village in Scotland on a fourteenth of February, whither he had, in company with a friend, wandered and lost his way. In this predicament, they knocked at the door of a modest mansion and asked for shelter. He proceeds:

"The good man heard our story, welcomed us to a seat beside the blazing fire of wood and turf, and appeared delighted with our coming. We found ourselves in the house of a rendezvous for the lads and lasses of a neighboring village to celebrate St. Valentine's Eve. Our entrance had damped the pleasantry, and inquisitive eyes were directed towards us. It was our business to become familiar with our new acquaintances, and the pastimes were renewed.

"Our sudden appearance had disturbed the progress of the village schoolmaster, who had finished writing on small slips of paper, the names of each of the blooming lasses of the village. Each lad had dictated the name of her he loved; these precious slips of paper were now put into a bag and well mixed together, and each youth drew out a ticket, with hope that it might, and fear lest it should not, be the name of his sweetheart. This was repeated three times; the third time was the conclusion of the sport. Some drew beloved names the third time with rapturous joy, others drew names of certain respectable widows and old ladies of the village, introduced by the art of the schoolmaster, and the victims mourned their unpitied derided sufferings.

"After the lasses' the names of the young men were written and drawn by the girls in the same way, and a threefold success was secretly hailed as a suretyship of bearing the name of the fortunate youth. The drawing of this lottery was succeeded by the essence of the amusement, for the Valentines were to be 'relieved'.

"The relieving of the Valentines was a scene of high amusement. Each young man had a right to kiss the young girl whose name he drew, and at the same time to deliver up to her the slip of paper. The mirth of this ceremony was excessive. Those who were drawn and were not present, were to be relieved with a gift of inconsiderable value, as a token of regard."

In Derbyshire farm-houses, on the morning of this day, a custom once prevailed for girls to peep through the keyholes of the doors before opening them. If fortune were kind, and they saw a cock and hen in company, the omen was so favorable that it might be taken for granted that the person most interested would be married before the year was out.

At other places it was customary to send Valentines on the eve of this day. At a convenient opportunity the door was slyly opened, and the Valentine, attached to an apple or an orange, thrown in. A loud rap was then given, and the amateur postman took to his heels.

A further refinement of fun, partaking of a First of April joke, was practiced by chalking a white imitation of a letter on a door-step, which some unwary maiden might stoop to pick up.

A writer in a weekly paper says: "The nicest and most sensible way of keeping the festival of St. Valentine, is that practiced at Norwich. It is observed there as a time of general giving and receiving of gifts, and, indeed, to some extent, takes the place of Christmas in this respect. As soon as it gets dark on St. Valentine's Eve, the inmates of the house are roused by a tremendous knock at the front door. On its being opened a large parcel is seen lying on the step, which is at once picked up and carried in. It is directed in an unrecognized scrawl, to the eldest girl, and is labelled, perhaps, 'With Wallentine's luv,' evidently by someone who does not know how to spell. Wrapper after wrapped is taken off, until the table is covered with brown paper and string, and then a little box containing some pretty article of jewelry, is reached, which the young lady at once declares is from 'father.' So the fun goes on the whole night—first front, then the back door is assailed."

Sometimes more comical presents are sent. A gentleman made his wife a present of a feather bed, and didn't the big man enjoy the joke as he stood in the shadow outside and watched his little wife trying to tug the great unwieldy thing into the hall?

In some districts the village children go about in companies singing:

"Good morrow, Valentine!
First it's yours and then it's mine,
So please give me a Valentine."

Grains of Gold.

Work is good medicine.

To have the harvest we must sow the seed.

Who enlarges his heart restricts his tongue.

Self-control lies at the foundation of the character.

Admonish your friends privately, but praise them openly.

Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition.

Jealousy is the meanest passion that can influence the human mind.

Why is it that Love must so often sigh in vain for an object, and Hate never?

As threshing separates the wheat from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.

Should anyone ask me, what is the first thing in religion? I would reply, humility.

One good act done to-day is worth a thousand in contemplation for some future time.

Let no man presume to give good advice to others that has not first given good counsel to himself.

Throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment its hour.

Life is before you—not earthly life alone, but life, a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity.

Thought and theory must precede all action that moves to salutary purposes. Yet action is nobler in itself than either thought or theory.

With every anguish of our earthly part the spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant when Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.

Femininities.

Yes, girls, this is leap year, but it is well to look before you leapr

A very new bracelet is a mere thread of gold set with a rough emerald.

A small gold crane with enameled wings and head are now fashionable.

Glove-stretchers of oxidized silver are being worn as chatelaine pendants.

Small gold monkeys with diamond eyes make odd pendants for brooches and chatelaines.

An oxidized silver scarfpin in the form of a miniature ear of corn is an appetizing novelty.

A unique brooch is a small goldfish with diamond eyes, suspended from a bar pin by a gold hook.

Nature is full of wise provisions. Wives do their worst cooking when they are young and irresistible.

Very pale blue ink is the latest agony, as shown in the dainty notes of fashionable correspondence.

An Ohio preacher has just been suspended from the ministry for being engaged to three women at the same time.

A Chicago woman attempted suicide in an original way. She placed her lips over a gas-burner and then turned on the gas.

Chicago boot and shoe dealers claim that they sell more small sizes to women than ever. It is a rare thing to sell a larger size than 4.

At Weimar, Germany, two old people named Bayer, husband and wife, died suddenly on the 65th anniversary of their wedding.

The fashionable New Yorker writes "Thirty-eighth street, W.," after the English fashion, instead of "West Thirty-eighth street."

More than 1,000,000 signatures have been obtained to the jubilee petition to the Queen in favor of closing public houses on Sundays.

Sandwiches of grated turkey, the bread cut in the form of crosses, were served at a reception of a semi-religious character a few days ago.

C. P. Huntington, the railway magnate, whose wealth is computed at $50,000,000, once peddled out butter by the pound to miners in California.

New York balls are more extravagant this season than for many years. At one ball there were 10,000 newly cut roses, besides flowers of other sorts in profusion.

He: "Shall I bring you an ice while Miss Yellfort is singing? Pray take something." She, a rival of Miss Y.: "Thanks, no. If I took anything it would be poison."

A Wellesley girl has almost paid her way through college by sewing on shoe buttons for her mates. She charges 10 cents an hour, and devotes 2 hours a day to her trade.

"Ten years in the state prison for burglary in the night time, and 15 if the burglar has a pistol," a Boston paper philosophically remarks, "would soon make a man's house safer than it is."

Among peculiar dishes which form the food of Spaniards are odd combinations in which black beans, dried codfish and dried red peppers are the chief ingredients. To almost every dish a Spaniard adds red, black and white pepper and onion, garlic and olive oil.

A young lady visiting for the first time in the country was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and, shaking her parasol at the animal, she said, in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir! lie down!"

The gayety of Washington may be appreciated by an account of a comparatively quiet visitor's experience. In her visit of ten days she attended nine evening parties, and did not take the trouble to enumerate the afternoon receptions.

Wealthy Floridian: "Here we are wreathed in orange blossoms and the birds singing in every breeze. What could be lovelier in January?" New York girl, 23 and desperate: "Just one orange blossom wreath and Mendelssohn's march rippling through the perfumed air."

Mrs. Brown was endeavoring to console her young married daughter, who was weeping over her husband's shortcomings. "What could I do, my dear? I married you to Ernest because he swore he had the secret of making you happy." "True, m-mamma! It was a se-se-secret, and he's k-kept it!"

Lady Lytton used to tell the following. During a dinner Dean Swift became the subject of conversation, and when the ladies had retired one of them asked Lady Lytton, "Who is this Dr. Swift? Can I ask him to my parties?" "Hardly so." "Why not?" "Because he did a thing some years since which effectually prevented his ever appearing again in society." "What was that?" "Why, he died about 100 years ago!"

Miss Lillie Dushington: "Oh, Mrs. Matron, we are going to have such fun to-night!" Mrs. Matron: "Indeed!" "Yes. We are going to have a party, and the young gentlemen are to do the knitting and sewing, and the young ladies are to saw and split kindling wood! Won't it be just jolly?" "Jolly to saw and split kindling wood? Well, you won't think it very jolly after you are married and have to do it all the time."

Chicago is full of dangerously thoughtful and mature children. "Mamma," said one of them—a 5-year-old—the other day, "ain't there any other senses 'cept seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling?" "No, my child," answered the mother, "it is usually considered that those five are enough." "Well," said the little one, with an air of deep conviction, "I s'pose talking would be called a sense if there wasn't so much nonsense about it."

Women are creatures of infinite resource. A Boston girl has hit upon an original plan to support herself. She studies the newspapers, posts herself on what is going on in the world, uses the scissors freely, pastes, writes and revises carefully until she has a condensed digest of the live topics of the day. This she reads to a class of wealthy women, who pay her well for furnishing them with information concerning what they ought to be able to talk intelligently about.

Masculinities.

A vulgar man courts publicity with the hope of wedding notoriety.

Boxing gloves of oxidized silver are out as watch chain pendants for the sporting fraternity.

In 1870 there were but 151 horses in this country that could trot a mile in 2.30. Now there are 3,000.

A miniature pickax, which serves as a scarfpin, is made of gold and has a diamond set in each point.

An odd scarfpin is in the form of a small gold chair with an oxidized silver parrot perched upon the back.

A Georgian who is now under arrest for having 5 wives says he started in with the intention of marrying 25 women by the time he was 25 years of age.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

The Pope has received upwards of 14,000 pairs of richly-embroidered slippers as jubilee offerings from female devotees in various parts of the world.

A lover, writing to his sweetheart, says: "Delectable dear, you are so sweet that honey would blush in your presence and molasses stand appalled!"

A Frenchman was recently granted a divorce by a Paris Judge on the sole ground that his wife would not allow him to read all the letters she wrote and received.

Senator Fair recently paid his divorced wife $300 for a bunch of rose buds at a fair in San Francisco. This smacks a little of sentimentality on the part of the Senator.

Eve must have felt that she had lost one of the chief joys of fresh young love when she reflected that she could not ask Adam if she was the first woman he had ever cared for.

It seems to be fashionable with some men to exhibit great contempt for their wives; but then, a good many women deserve contempt, considering the fools they made of themselves when they married.

"What is your employment," asked his Honor of a prisoner arranged for vagrancy the other day. "Walking, sir." "Where do you walk?" "Well that's according to which way the policeman is coming from."

When attacked by palpitation of the heart, the sufferer should lie down as soon as possible on the right side, partially on the face. In this position the heart will sometimes resume its proper action almost immediately.

To clean a violin bow that has become greasy and will not hold resin, rub carefully with best yellow soap on a small piece of flannel, then wipe dry with a piece of calico or linen; in an hour afterwards it will be ready for the resin; or use a solution of borax and water.

John Thursby, of Orange City, Fla., fell asleep in his boat while fishing. When he awoke he was three miles up stream and the boat was being towed by an immense catfish that had taken the bait. The fish weighed 20 pounds.

"What two beautiful children! Are they twins?" said an old bachelor to an Austin lady with two children." "Oh, yes, they are twins," replied the lady. "Excuse my curiosity, madam, but are you the mother of both of them?"

Dobson: "I've just heard of your marriage, old boy." Hobson, sadly: "Yes, I was married three months ago." Dobson: "Well, it isn't too late to offer congratulations, of course." Hobson: "A little late, Dobson, a little late."

"I hear that Pooreman is going to be married. Have you seen the lady?" "Oh, yes indeed! I know her very well." "Do you? And what kind of a looking person is she? Prepossessing, eh?" "Hardly that. Purse-possessing I should call her."

Conversation between a traveler and a lad of six or seven: "Your grandfather there seems very old. Do you know what his age is?" "No, sir; I couldn't exactly say, sir; but I'm sure he can't be very young. He's always been about the house as long as I can remember."

"I am no vagrant!" he exclaimed, as he was being registered at police headquarters. "Do you know what a vagrant is?" asked the Sergeant. "I—I guess so." "It is a gentleman out of work." "O-o-h! That's it! Then put me down. I thought you took me for a gentleman who didn't want to work."

"Say, Frank, this is leap year, will you be ours?" exclaimed two pretty bright-eyed maidens to a young man on the East Side the other evening. "Of course I will. Certainly; marry both of you," was the response. Then the maidens were unhappy. They won't get the kid gloves, which would have been the penalty of a refusal. Frank was on.

A Chicago cigar dealer says that if he had no other way of reckoning time he could tell the day of the week by the kinds of cigars he sells to those of his customers who are clerks. Early in the week they come in proudly and call for "two for a quarter." By Wednesday they ask for a 10-cent straight, and when Friday comes along their formula is: Gimme a good 5-center."

A lady presented a handsome silk quilt to a prominent citizen of Columbus, Ga. The recipient was rather a portly gentleman, and when the lady carried the quilt to his residence she was alarmed lest it might be too small. Looking first at the quilt and then at Mr. Pond she said: "Get down on the floor, Mr. Pond, and let me see if it will cover you." Mr. Pond complied, and the quilt was found large enough.

A couple of years ago an Attica (Ind.) young woman had two suitors for her hand. With the favored one she had a quarrel that ended in his rival being declared the "lucky fellow." This union turned out unhappily, and this week she was divorced and married the other of the rivals, who, in the meantime, had become helpless through paralysis. He had to be assisted to sit up during the performance of the marriage ceremony.

Recent Book Issues.

Gottsberger, publisher, of New York, has issued a finely gotten-up edition of that excellent book "Paul and Virginia." This is a work all persons, especially the young, should read both for its interest and moral. It is splendidly printed and bound. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Minon; A Tale of Love and Intrigue," (by Frederick W. Pearson) is the title of the first volume of the "Elite Library. The plot is laid in Canada and is spiced with Jesuits, convents, etc. Some may like it but we do not. The Welles Publishing Co., New York. Price 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Family Affairs," drawn by Mary Hallock Foote, is the title of the pretty frontispiece that adorns the February *St. Nicholas*. Among the many attractions in this number are "Michael and Feodosia," a touching Russian Christmas story, by Amelia E. Barr; the conclusion of Mrs. Barnett's "Sarah Crewe;" "Diamond-backs in Paradise," telling of the rattlesnakes encountered during the winter in Florida, by Chas. H. Webb; a historical sketch of London bridge; "A Legend of Acadia," by C. F. Holder; "How a Great Sioux Chief was Named," by Lieut. Schwatka; first chapter of a serial entitled "Drill; a Story of School-boy Life," by John Preston True; "The Brownies and the Whale," by Palmer Cox; besides a score of other sketches, stories, poems, jingles, etc., profusely illustrated by America's leading artists. The Century Company, New York.

The Forum for February contains interesting reviews and papers on various important subjects. Senator S. M. Cullom contributes an attractive article on "The Government and the Telegraph;" Prof. W. T. Harris asks "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" Judge William D. Kelley explains to the public "How Protection Protects," and Prof. John Tyndall tells something of "The Sky." Prof. Tyndall in "The Sky" gives the result of his recent observations taken on the Alps. Judge Robert C. Pitman concludes the series of "Books That Have Helped Me," and Monsignor T. S. Preston in "My Religious Experience" gives an explanation of the transition in middle life of a man reared in in Protestantism in New England to the Roman faith. "The Torrid Zone of Our Politics," by Murat Halstead, is an argument to show that the Southern Democrats are not national in their aims. Reviews by Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, Julian Sturgis and Darius Lyman complete this attractive issue. The Forum Co., New York.

The Popular Science Monthly for February contains a number of articles of solid merit. President White gives some "New Chapters in Warfare of Science." Lieut. Chas. C. Rogers, U. S. Navy, presents an account of the progress that has been made in the work of the Panama Canal. David A. Wells, in his "Economic Disturbance" series, discusses "The Economic Outlook—Present and Prospective." Prof. N. S. Shaler's "Animal Agency in Soil-Making" supplements Darwin's observations on earthworms. Dr. Mary T. Bissell writes on "Emotions vs. Health in Women." Mr. G. P. Serviss gives the final number of papers on "Astronomy with an Opera Glass." Among the other articles are "Recent Views Respecting Cancer;" "The Interstate Long and Short Haul;" "Vegetable and Animal Albumens;" "What American Zoologists" have done; "Moon-Signs of the Weather," and "The Time it Takes to Think." A portrait and biographical sketch of Sir Joseph Whitworth, the eminent English engineer, are also given, and the editor treats current matter in incisive style. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

The February number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is a Woman's Number, and exhibits the better half of humanity in a number of the avocations which the present age throws open to women; as translator, novelist, lawyer, poet, and literary critic. Mrs. A. L. Wister translates a novel called "The Spell of Home," after the German of E. Werner. Amelie Rives shows herself in a new and most interesting light in a brilliant story of ancient Athens, "The Man of the Golden Fillet." Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood gives an entertaining and valuable sketch of her "Efforts to Become a Lawyer." Agnes Repplier has a pleasant little essay on "Modern Word-Parsimony." An anonymous author discusses "Our Old Maids." "Life at a Working-Woman's Home" is by Charlotte L. Adams. The poems are by Helen Gray Cone, Sarah M. B. Piatt, Edith M. Thomas, and Ella Wheeler-Wilcox. The Monthly Gossip announces a scheme for a series of one hundred questions in literature and matters of current interest for answers to which a prize of one hundred dollars is offered. Lippincott & Co., publishers, this city.

In civilized society external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. You may analyze this and say, "What is there in it?" But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system.

For wounds, whether incised or contused, Salvation Oil is the best remedy. 25 cents.

The year has four seasons, during all of which keep on hand Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

STRUGGLES OF PRECEDENCE.

In Turkey, dissensions about precedence between lawyers and soldiers grew, of old, to such a height that the Sultan, "to produce unanimity," enacted that henceforth the left hand (by which was meant the sitting upon it) should be deemed most honorable for soldiers, and the right for lawyers.

"Thus," observes the simple chronicler, "each thinks himself in the place of honor." The circumstance, however, though very characteristic, escapes him that it was the lawyers who got the upper hand—which is, of course, the right one.

In Russia, the prerogatives of birth were carried to such an extent, in the seventeenth century, that the army was demoralized by it. No body whose father, or even grandfather, had held any command over the ancestor of another, would stoop to be his subordinate.

Under these circumstances, Fedor III. directed all his nobles to appear before him bringing with their genealogies and family documents, most of which had probably a "mark" below them instead of a sign manual.

"My lords," he observed, "I mean to put an end—at all events, for the present—to all these inconveniences arising from the comparative greatness of your forefathers, which so interferes with the public service. From henceforth" and here he caused all the genealogies to be thrown into the fire—"you start fair."

The English, notwithstanding the proverbial pride of nobility, have never made themselves ridiculous about these matters. "You may put me anywhere," said one bluff old Duke to his hostess, "except in a draught."

Lady Walpole mentions that on the occasion of her inviting a very distinguished company to her house, to meet the great singers, Cuzzoni and Faustina, her only difficulty about precedence arose from the jealousy of the two professionals. The differences between Tweedledum and Tweedledee could only be got over by inducing Faustini to follow her into a remote part of the house to admire some old china, while Cuzzoni sang, under the idea that her rival had left the field. After which Cuzzoni, with the same happy result, was shown the china.

A Venerable Gavel.—Some weeks ago a visitor to the Senate at Washington, saw the gavel used by the presiding officer had no handle, and supposing that it was badly banged up from long and rough use, raised an alarm in the newspapers, which has brought Senator Ingalls a number of handsome gavels from manufacturers of such articles and offers from others to furnish a supply without charge to the Senate. Mr. Ingalls has declined to accept any of them, for he recognizes that most of the favors are made for the sake of getting an advertisement, though some may come from pure patriotism.

"As a matter of fact," he said, speaking of the gavel without a handle, "that gavel never had a handle. It is in just as good condition to-day as it ever was. Its origin and its history are not known beyond the fact that it is a section of an elephant's tooth; that it was in the Senate fifty-six years ago, when Captain Bassett first entered the service, and that even at that remote period it was looked upon as a venerable heritage from antiquity. It may have served as a paper-weight on Buddha's desk when that old patriarch lived. One thing is certain, it is a good, serviceable gavel yet. Age has not made it obsolete. On the contrary, every additional day adds to its associations and increases its interest. Order, you know, was heaven's first law, and this venerable elephant's tooth has been rapping for order so long that it seems quite possible that it may have been heaven's first gavel, and that there may never be another like it."

A Natural Barometer.—Nature provides a very simple barometer in the web of the spider. Before the advent of wind or rain the spider shortens the filaments from which its web is suspended, elongating them only when there is a prospect of fine, calm weather—the duration of which can be estimated by the length of the threads. The spider alters the form of its web once every twenty-four hours, and it is said that if the change be made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and fine. Long inactivity of the spider is a sign of continuing rain; but if it is seen to be busy during rain, it is a sign that the wet weather will be of short duration, and that fine weather will follow.

Family Quarrels.—"The beginning of strife is like the letting out of water," says the wise king; and in no case is this truer than in the case of family quarrels. The little breach, no larger at first than a child's finger could stop, but through which comes the continual dropping, if not attended to in time, will widen and stretch, till one fine day there is a waking up to find the angry waters surging around, sweeping in and overwhelming all sweet peace and love and harmony of home. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that, because people are relatives, there is less necessity for the common courtesy and consideration everybody is willing to extend to the merest stranger.

Extraordinary afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces.

Familiarity breeds contempt. Use Warner's Log Cabin Extract and do away with the pain you are familiar with. 50c. and $1.

Making a Knight.—The ceremony of conferring the order of knighthood at the hands of the Queen is not imposing. It is not, in fact, a public ceremonial, and only those are permitted to witness it who, by their official connection with the Queen's household, may attend her.

The loyal subject upon whom such distinguished honor may be conferred may not even invite his "best man," nor the member of his personal circle of friends or relatives to be present. Arrayed in whatever uniform he may be entitled to wear, or whatever dress Court etiquette and the time of day make proper, if he be a civilian, the subject presents himself before his Sovereign and kneels at her royal feet.

Seated on the throne chair, the Queen lays the shining blade of a sword across the shoulders of the kneeling but exalted beneficiary, and says, using the title which she is about to give, "Arise, Sir So-and-so." Plain Mr. Cheltenham Brown is thus, by a single stroke of her Majesty's sword, transformed into Sir Knight So-and-so, and he is permitted, perchance, to kiss his Sovereign's finger-tips in grateful acknowledgment of the distinguished honor.

In other cases than this of a plain knighthood, and when the title carries with it a decoration, the gracious Queen, with her own royal hands, pins the glittering and much coveted bauble upon the coat of her elevated subject. This is all the ceremony connected with the conferring of knighthood, but it is a great deal to the recipient.

The Latest Comer.—When the children of a Dutch family are told that they have a new brother or sister they are not always willing to welcome it as they should. The youngest especially, who has been "baby" hitherto, feels rather aggrieved, and considers the newcomer in the light of a usurper who deserves to be pinched rather than kissed. Now, the good parents of Holland, who are very fond of their children, and try to spare them all unnecessary pain, have hit upon an excellent plan to make baby welcome. As he lies in his cradle, which is like the English one, they fill his little arms with trumpet-shaped bags brimful of comfits, and these are distributed among the children as baby's presents. Baby continues to present these tiny comfits—which the children eat on bread and butter, and are very fond of—for the space of six weeks, when he is supposed to have established his right to exist. Babies are dressed very much as here, except that, in some cases, an old custom is adhered to of wrapping up their heads in three caps, one of cambric, another of silk, and the third of lace. The christening always takes place on a Sunday, and after the christening there is a grand dinner, to which all the relations are invited.

THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!

PHÉNOL SODIQUE.

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Externally—for all kinds of injuries; *relieving* pain instantly, and rapidly healing the wounded parts.

Gives *prompt* and *permanent relief* in BURNS, SCALDS, CHILBLAINS, VENOMOUS STINGS, or BITES, CUTS and WOUNDS *of every description.*

Internally.—It is invaluable in CHOLERA, YELLOW, TYPHUS, TYPHOID, SCARLET, and other Fevers.

In NASAL CATARRH, *Fetid Discharges from the* EAR, OZÆNA, *Affections of the* ANTRUM, and CANCEROUS AFFECTIONS, it is a *boon to both Physician and Patient.*

For SICK-ROOMS, and all IMPURE and UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES, and to *prevent the spread of* CONTAGION, it is the *best* DISINFECTANT known.

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In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	**Neuralgia,**
Coughs,	**Colds,**
Cold in the Head,	**Sore Throat,**
Asthma,	**Bronchitis,**
Pneumonia,	**Sciatica,**
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Toothache,	**Congestion.**

Strong Testimony from Honorable George Starr as to the Power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatic Rheumatism.

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Dr. Radway: With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and, at times, in both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulations, outward applications of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September, at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limb in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away, although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather. I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise. Yours truly,
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that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

R. R. R. not only cures the patient seized with Malaria, but if people exposed to the Malarial poison will every morning take 20 or 30 drops of Ready Relief in water, and eat, say a cracker, before going out, they will prevent attacks.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Blood Purifier

For the cure of all chronic diseases, Chronic rheumatism, scrofulous complaints, etc., glandular swelling, hacking dry cough, cancerous affections, bleeding of the lungs, dyspepsia, water brash, white swellings, tumors, ulcers, hip disease, gout, dropsy, rickets, salt rheum, bronchitis, consumption, liver complaints, etc.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent; its powers over the kidneys in establishing a healthy secretion of urine, curing diabetes, inflammation or irritation of the bladder, albuminous or brick dust deposits or white sand, etc., establishing its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. One Dollar a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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Information worth thousands will be sent you

Humorous.

THE WEATHER.

I met a man the other day;
  Yet, after all, I scarce know whether
He's human, for, O wonderful!
  He said no word about the weather.

You'll not believe the tale I tell,
  You'll call my conscience tough as leather;
You don't believe the man is born
  Who doesn't talk about the weather.

We walked a block or two, and when
  At last we parted, with a feather
You could have knocked me down, for he
  Had said no word about the weather.

Oh let the dime museum men
  Go catch him in their trickay tether!
Just cage him tight, and label thus:
  The man who talks not of the weather!

Where does he dwell? That I don't know;
  I only know we walked together
A block or two, I and the man
  Who said no word about the weather.

But heaven be praised that there is one
  Whom we'd not crush between the aether
And upper millstones! Hail, all hail
  The man who talks not of the weather.

—U. N. NONE.

Deep mystery—Bed of the ocean.

Question of the hour—What is the time?

Sound investment—Purchasing a cornet.

A harder thing to keep than a secret—Money.

Musical instrument for bootmakers—A shoe-horn.

A person who serves us through fire and water—The cook.

The most appropriate wood for sewing-machines—Hemlock.

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in the bar-room looking for work.

Here is the latest conundrum out: What mixed number does the present year represent?—1½.

Why should people never grumble at paying their gas-bills?—Because they are light accounts.

In speaking of a winter storm, which part of an animal might you name?—It's nose. (It snows.)

Conductor: "Fare." Pat, taking his first ride: "Fis, sor—fair tar middlin'. An' how's yersilf?"

It is true that doctors disagree, but a sufferer declares that they do not disagree half so much as their medicines do.

Did you ever see a doctor kick a banana peel off the sidewalk or tell an acquaintance that he was sitting in a draught?

The lion and the lamb may lie together in the future, but they cant hold a candle to a couple of lawyers in the present.

It is no consolation for a patient suffering from a severe cold in the head to be told that "colds always attack the weakest spot."

Dumley, who has treated Featherly to a cigar from his own private box: "Not a (puff) bad cigar—eh?" Featherly: N-o—not (puff) very bad!"

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked a gentleman of Irish extraction; "we never straw flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."

"Humph!" grumbled the clock, "I don't know of any one who is harder worked than I am—24 hours a day, year in and year out." And then it struck.

"All I can say definitely on the subject is nothing," was the speech made by a Californian orator when called upon for his views regarding the future of America.

Angus, eyeing Archie's scanty locks: "Archie, you've an awful thin heid!" Archie, misapprehending him: "Thin? It was a thicker heid than yours, Angus!"

"Papa," said little Johnny McSwilligan, "when is a person in his dotage?" "A man is in his dotage, Johnny, when he is going with his first girl," replied McSwilligan.

"Doctor, when do you think a man weighs most?" asked a patient who was undergoing a course of dietary treatment. "When he steps on my corns," answered the doctor.

An umbrella dealer tells us "how to open an umbrella without damaging it." It would be more important to know how to take your eyes off an umbrella without losing it.

"I say, mamma," said a youngster who had been laboring over a very tough wing of old chicken, "I think that this fowl must have been hatched from a hard-boiled egg."

One night at a country theatre, to the great delight of the audience, the bull-dog in the play, whose part was to seize the villain by the throat and hold on for dear life, succeeded in dragging from under the actor's collar the piece of liver which coaxed him on, and taking it before the foot-lights he sat down and quietly ate it, while the villain escaped.

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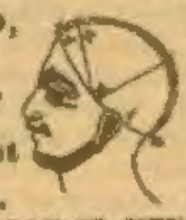

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This Company own and control 20,000 acres of land in Marion County, Florida, 187 feet above the sea level, and consisting of high, dry, rolling, fertile pine land.

To enhance the value of all this land by large and diversified ownership, the Company propose to give away a portion of this property in cottage sites, and five, ten, twenty and forty acre tracts, suitable for orange grove and vegetable culture, and to those who accept this offer and send their names and address we will send a numbered

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40 ACRE TRACTS, 20 ACRE TRACTS,
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This land will be allotted as applications are received, IN A FAIR AND EQUITABLE MANNER, and with no preferences.

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After you have received your bond, if you will fill it out with full name complying with its provisions and return to us, we will then execute and forward to you a WARRANTY DEED which makes you absolute owner forever. No charge whatever is made for the Warranty Deed Option Bond, but we required to send 25 cents, Postal Note or Cash, or 50 cents in Stamps, when application is sent for the deed bond. This amount is a pro-rata charge to help pay for this advertisement, postage, and also a handsomely illustrated book on Florida, its climate, soil, orange culture, &c. and is in no sense a charge for the deed bond or the land it sells for. After receiving the option bond you are not obligated to have the deed executed if the location or land does not suit you and the 25 cts. expense will be returned in such case, but it is hoped you will accept this proposition in the spirit in which it is presented, that of securing property for yourself or children, which must increase in value from year to year by reason of rapid settlement and improvements.

LEROY, MARION COUNTY, FLORIDA.

All our lands are located in and around LEROY, MARION CO., FLORIDA, ten miles from Ocala, the county seat, a thriving town of 3,500 inhabitants. It is all high, dry, rolling pine land, free from wet spots, and one of the healthiest locations in Florida. The SILVER SPRINGS, OCALA & GULF RAILROAD, runs through it.

Mr. A. P. Mann, Jr., General Manager of this railroad, in speaking of this land, says:

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MONEY LOANED. This Company is prepared to loan money for improvements upon property secured from the Company, giving five years to pay for same. Plans of houses will be furnished free upon application to those wishing to build, but it is entirely optional with owners of land whether they build or not. The Company will also contract to set out and take care of orange grove tracts for five years.

TAXES PAID. The Company will pay all taxes upon this property until 1888.

FACTS. Marion County is one of the richest counties in Florida; contains excellent soil and raises more than half the orange and lemon crop of the State. LEROY is the centre of one of the healthiest and most fertile sections. No swamps, no malaria, and so far south as to be below what is termed the "frost line." The celebrated Withlacoochie River, close by, is filled with choice varieties of fish, while deer and other game all the forests for miles around. Blue Spring, within fifteen minutes of Leroy, is one of the wonders of the State.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

There has not been a season for many years when so much depended on the trimmings of gowns and mantles as the present. And, happily, according to the rules of supply and demand, designers and manufacturers appear to have made unusual efforts to meet the wants of their customers.

The best and most costly class of dresses are trimmed this year with a bordering at the edge, of fur or some handsome class of embroidery and galon. Woollen materials have been treated as the ground work of some specially elaborate embroideries in all gold, all silver, all steel, or the three blended with copper, or two interblended. Except in jet, beads give place a great deal to metallic threads, which are employed for the appliques and other embroideries alone, or mixed with cord.

A handsome illustration of the perfection to which this metallic thread embroidery may be brought, is a band of black velvet half a yard deep worked all over with palm leaves in bronze, green, heliotrope metallic tones, the interstices between the leaves cut away, leaving a magnificent guipure for bordering the hem of a gown—brilliant and yet subdued in coloring, and of exquisite design. Two-inch and 3-inch wide galons, with a straight edge wrought in gold on velvet of almost every color, are prepared for trimming. It is supposed that a great deal of silver will be used.

This is not good for trade, as no class of goods are more perishable than silver embroideries; even when made of the best metallic thread, they are apt to tarnish. Some of the most beautiful trimmings of the year are a combination of gold and silver threads, which are prepared as bodice trimmings as well as galons.

For ball gowns these same metallic threads have been applied to tulle of a firm, durable and substantial make, and most attractive dress fronts and trimmings is worked as a border with gold thread on white tulle, having flowers scattered all over in various metallic colorings appropriate to the flower.

Gimp, as we remember it some ten, or may be fifteen years ago, has come back to us; but, like all resuscitations, has undergone many important changes. There are no beads upon the new gimps, but they are finely wrought, and various sizes of fine cord are employed for the exigencies of the patterns, which are all arabesque in style.

The special fashion of the season are bretelles and very elaborate epaulettes attached to trimmings for the front of the bodice, to be put on as braces; sometimes there is but one epaulette used, and this is attached only to one side trimming, but mostly they are employed in pairs.

These trimmings are to be had in all the colors to be found in the season's materials. Electric blue and mousse green are often blended, and there is much to admire in the ingenuity and beauty of the combinations. A cascade of gimp drops and tags cover the top of the arm.

Crochet galons and detachable trimmings are also extremely fashionable; they last for years, and are made of the best silk, but naturally, considering the labor they represent, are costly. This work is adapted to the bretelles.

Into nearly everything, whether it be bretelles straight-edged gimps, or the embroidery on transparent canvas, which is so fashionable, the metallic thread is invariably introduced, and some of the fine cords used in the gimps are made of it.

Besides the straight-edged metallic trimmings, however, there are many which take the form of appliques, like a succession of shells, entirely composed of metallic embroidery. The kind of gimp usually employed in inferior gold for theatrical trimmings has been greatly enhanced, and brought out in a number of fresh designs, made in such mixtures as gold and electric blue.

In jet, the beads are as great a feature as they have ever been, for in mourning it is only the glistening of well-cut beads that can relieve the sombreness, and the new trimmings are exceedingly beautiful.

Steel ornaments are now once again fashionable, especially when they are well cut, and a number of clasps have been brought out in lieu of buckles, which, by the bye, save a great deal of trouble, as they only need the belt being pinned in on either side, before it is put on, and then hooked in the centre.

Possibly the recent conference of ladies, which has decided that the plumage of small birds shall no longer be considered as fashionable trimmings for robes or bonnets, may have the effect of diminishing the use of feathers. That the destruction of small birds is a most reprehensible practice no one will deny; but those at all instructed in the mysteries of feather making know that we are indebted largely to the domestic poultry yard for the majority of the birds used in millinery. It is the exception where the veritable bird, as it pretends to be, is used. An enormous industry is the manipulation of barndoor feathers into elegant plumes and birds of gorgeous plumage, which defy detection. Dye, padding, and glue and gum, deftly used, can effect much.

The detachable ornaments in the Gobelin mixture of electric blue and reseda, which are supposed to resemble old tapestry in tone, and entirely made of tinsel thread and cord, are most artistic. There are also a number of tinsel gimps mixed with a color, gold and terra-cotta, gold or blue, or any combination needed. These go by the name of "Bulgarian."

Many of the galons have small loops at the edge, with a bead in the centre of each loop. There is a large class of gold-grounded, slightly transparent galons with this edge, covered all over with pendant tassels of beads, such as brown on gold, ruby on gold, and so on. There is hardly any silk used in the new gimps; they are entirely composed of tinsel thread, though it would be difficult for the inexperienced to believe so. Where beads are intermixed, as they often are, they are altogether of a new form—round, and lined with gold and silver; superior to the cut bead and blend well with the tinsel.

Another galon is formed of cord, and made in the loom, very open, interwoven in geometric designs; this is made in every color, with gold or silver. The finer specimens are most admirably wrought, and consequently costly, as in the case of bretelles and epaulettes in shades of brown tinsel.

The variety is endless, some of the gold or silver galons are covered all over with thick-set loops in color. Sets of trimmings, consisting of a bodice piece, cuffs, epaulettes and yoke pieces, with strips for back and front of bodice and cloak, are often made in one color or many.

Beads have been much improved this season, in other ways some of the open applique trimmings for laying on gowns are made in glass and pearl beads, perhaps, being a light tender apricot.

Ample preparations are made for panel trimmings on skirts in the corded gimps and beadings. Some of the appliques for intermixing with pompadour silks are really lovely with their gold ground work and colored flowers upon them. They are hardly so much to be admired, however, as some copper, oxydised gold and steel trimmings, made of waved tones of cord, with drops between.

Girdles of all kinds, for gowns and mantles, intended rather to be looped at the side than worn round the waist, have been brought out in delicate colorings, as well as in black and dark tones, some with the cord completely hidden by beads; the drops, scorns and other devices have a ground work of cork, proportionately light.

There is an endeavor on the part of manufacturers to supersede the elaborate braidings on gowns by movable ornaments. There are sets for dresses, consisting of a yard and a half for the skirt, of cord trimming in all colors, quite half a yard deep, and cuff and bodice trimmings; these are new and handsome.

Bows are now secured with small visible pins, which are sold with pearl heads in all colors, and also set with single amethysts, topas, and other stones—useful trifles.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

A work which is effective and suitable to the season is fir cone decoration. It is easy and pleasant to carry out, and can be turned to excellent account, with a small amount of taste and skill. I do not mean the work formerly so popular, consisting of stiff arrangements of the segments of the cone, laid close together and glued on; nor to the mixtures of oak apples and lichen, beech nuts and walnuts, practiced by many amateur hands; but a graceful manipulation of the pliant twigs of the larch fir, interspersed with clusters of the small cones that belong to it.

Photograph screens and frames, pipe racks and brackets, low fir screens for standing in an empty grate, the tops and sides of boxes, the outside of pairs of bellows, can be ornamented in this style. The twigs must be cut or pulled from the tree, and those should be selected which have clustered cones in twos and threes, as well as single ones.

The cones and twigs that lie on the ground under fir trees will not answer, as they are brittle, and break off when the pins that fasten them to the wooden framework are knocked into them. They will not bend and twist about, to form a sort of pattern, as freshly cut ones will.

The foundation—frame or whatever it may be—is first painted some color with such paint as colored enamel, dark oak, bronze, or deep terra cotta, according to fancy, and left to dry. Then the twigs and cones are arranged on in some effective way with ordinary black pins rather carefully knocked in, and not too deeply. A wire cutter, a small useful instrument that is bought for a trifle, should be employed in just cutting off the heads of the pins, so that they show but little when the second coat of paint is added. This is freely done over the whole surface in and out of the interstices, and well over the cones. When this is all dry the work is finished, except that a touch of gold, silver, or bronze paint (that sold in little stone bottles and called Florentine liquid paint) may be added as an improvement.

In silver the effect is particularly good, as it reminds one of silver firs, with a dash of hoar frost over them.

The arrangement of the cones and tendrils must, of course, depend on the taste and ingenuity of the worker, and the effect accordingly; but it is best to mass the small cones at the top or one side of a photograph frame, and again at the opposite side, at the base, allowing the twigs to ornament one side, and a rather stout twig end the opposite lower corner. This work may be carried out in gold, or silver, or bronze paint, having previously been painted white.

For indoor winter work nothing could be more suitable, and it would enable many a busy pair of hands to offer a pretty, acceptable present on a birthday. The lichen on the twigs should be removed, as it will not take the paint well.

Painting all sorts of articles is still popular. One fancy during the last few months has been to paint garden wicker chairs each of a different color; and bright and pretty these look, scattered over a lawn.

Another to "enamel paint" the household baths and hot-water jugs. The white enamel for the inside of the baths is very successful, and the exterior is painted the same color as the hot-water cans, so that the two match. Each room may have a different color. Then the lawn tennis baskets, containing a jug in the centre, and several glasses hung round by their handles, are also colored to fancy in the same way.

There appears to be a great taste for having everything in a bedroom painted the same color, including all the wooden frames (made of split pieces of knobby wood, neatly joined at the corners and afterwards colored), and one of the last ideas is to join three straw bottle "envelopes" together, paint them once or twice to render them quite stiff, tie a rather broad ribbon round the centre, with a loop at the back to suspend the whole, and make a wall receptacle for flowers, ferns, or grass.

These "envelopes" are the straw covers that wine bottles come packed in from the wine merchants. Good ones should be selected. With a little taste these can be made to look really pretty and ornamental, and a coarse tumbler can be fitted into each of them to hold water for the flowers.

Quaint-shaped brown flat glass bottles, such as are to be found in some parts of India with rose water, and in Ceylon, and used by the pilgrims, are now occasionally to be seen, suspended by a ribbon from a hook in the wall, having previously had a delicate spray of flowers painted on one side.

PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.—A German paper has been very much startled to find that the beggars of Brussels have mapped the city out into districts, and have themselves arranged who is to work each section on certain days. But there is really nothing new in this.

Almost every beggar's lodging house in England, where the habitual tramps congregate at the end of the day, has its register—sometimes written and kept with care—in which the houses in the neighborhood or along certain routes are described from the beggars' point of view.

Begging is a profession which runs in families, and a good deal of valuable "lore" is passed on from father to son, and from one generation to another. There are signs and watchwords which pass current among the fraternity, and which it is sometimes useful for the non-professional person to know. A certain motion of the thumb will cause the most persistent professional beggar to cease his importunities, and even to entertain some sort of respect for the person making it.

It is a curious fact, showing the hold which superstition has got on their minds. If a policeman turns out a professional beggars' pocket, there is one thing he is almost certain to find there—a piece of coal, which he carries for luck.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. H. W.—The raffle is an unlawful lottery.

BERTIE.—A person born in the United States is a citizen, and can vote without being naturalized.

C. J.—The states that have prohibition laws are Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Kansas and Iowa.

JACKSON.—The head of the British Cabinet is the First Lord of the Treasury; he is known as the Premier or Prime Minister.

M. D. D.—A man is not bound to support his wife away from his home if he has provided a home for her and she should leave without sufficient cause.

DEBATE.—The first railroad in the United States was used for carrying freight at the granite quarries, Quincy, Mass., in 1826. The first passenger railroad was the Baltimore and Ohio, in 1828.

MATRIMONY.—The cost of the conveyances used at weddings falls upon the the bridegroom; the bridecake, as forming part of the wedding breakfast, is provided by the parents of the bride.

PERCY H.—Poste restante is French for resting (i. e., undistributed) post; it is a department in a post-office where letters not marked are kept till the addressees call for them. The arrangement is for the convenience of travelers.

PRESTO.—"Apprehend" is a word of smaller meaning than "comprehend." You may apprehend much which you cannot comprehend. To apprehend is merely to mentally perceive or conceive; to comprehend is to thoroughly understand. In actual use, however, this distinction is not always observed.

R. W.—Postage stamps may easily be removed from an album by placing over them a piece of damped linen which has previously been steeped in warm water. This will cause the gum to soften, and the stamp may then be easily removed and placed between two sheets of blotting-paper to dry.

MAMMOTH.—For a few weeks you must make the lad say "Oh!" before every speech that he makes. The effect is curious as regards the stammering. Make him utter frequently the rolling sound of "r"—thus, er-r-r-r-r-r-r—and not let him be laughed at while he is practicing. He will soon improve if you are patient.

BETTIE.—*The New York Herald*, *New York Times* or *Chicago Tribune* might serve your purposes. 2. There is no remedy for the eyes in short sightedness save glasses. 3. Your other questions cannot be answered in this column. Send a postal addressed to yourself, and we will forward the information required.

PUZZLED.—The main idea of Henry George's theory, is that all the land in a country belongs to the people thereof, and that all taxes should be levied upon land. No tax should be laid upon improvements such as houses, street improvements, etc. Taxes in his opinion, help to keep back improvements, whereas taxing the land to its full market value, would induce people to improve and make it productive, thus aiding progress. The present address is New York.

M. B.—We are strongly of opinion that the habit of taking powdered alum with a view to the reduction of corpulence is a very bad one indeed. You are more likely to permanently injure the coats of the stomach than to gain the object you have in view. All treatment of the kind you mention will probably be futile. You had much better knock off sugar, fat, beer, etc., from your diet: take plenty of exercise, with perhaps an occasional Turkish bath, and trust to physical, rather than to medicinal, means for the relief of your burden.

COLLINS.—The reference is to the English Earl Ferrers who was executed in 1760 for the murder of his steward; was not only granted a few days' extension of the time between his sentence and his execution, but was further allowed, "in consideration of his rank, to be hanged with a silken rope." He went to Tyburn in his own landau, drawn by six horses, and attired in his wedding suit, and was at as much pains to "die game" as though he had been a highwayman. The carriage in which he rode to execution was never used afterwards, but allowed to rot away in a garden at Acton.

A. W.—If you really cared for the man, we should say, "Never mind his backwardness in the matter of address and manners." As it is, you you do not care for him, and he makes you wince by his vulgarity. Very good! Now, suppose that you marry him; your parents will not receive him, and he will probably—and naturally—say, "Then they sha'n't see you." You will be constantly reproached for giving yourself airs; you will learn to rebel; and finally you may hate your husband. And all for what? Simply because you dare not say "No" to a man whom you already despise! If you do marry, you almost deserve the worst that can befall you.

WINNIE.—The philosophical system which you indicate is known as idealism or immaterialism, and is, in this country and England, specially associated with Bishop Berkeley. It denies the existence of bodies, holding that their appearances are merely ideas or perceptions of the subject—that is, the person who sees the phenomenon. Idealism is called subjective when it teaches that these ideas are produced by the mind, and objective when it attributes them to the Almighty. Modern idealism was anticipated in classic times by Zeno, and afterwards by Plato. Berkeley, developing Locke, Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz, did much to revive it. The founders of the great schools of German idealism—the subjective, the objective, and the absolute—are respectively Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel.

GRECO.—The first attempt at laying the Atlantic cable was made by two American vessels, the Niagara and Susquehanna, and two British vessels, the Leopard and Agamemnon. After they had sailed a few miles the cable snapped; it was repaired, but after 300 miles of wire had been paid out it snapped again, and the vessels returned. A second attempt was successful, and the junction between the two continents was completed in August, 1858. The insulation of the wire, however, gradually became faulty, and the power of transmitting intelligence ceased on September 4, 1860. A new company was formed, and on July 13, 1865, the Great Eastern was engaged to lay 2300 miles of wire with 25,000 tons burden. 2. It has been estimated that the mean depth of the ocean is 1677 fathoms, or 11,562 feet.